

OCTOBER 12, 1987

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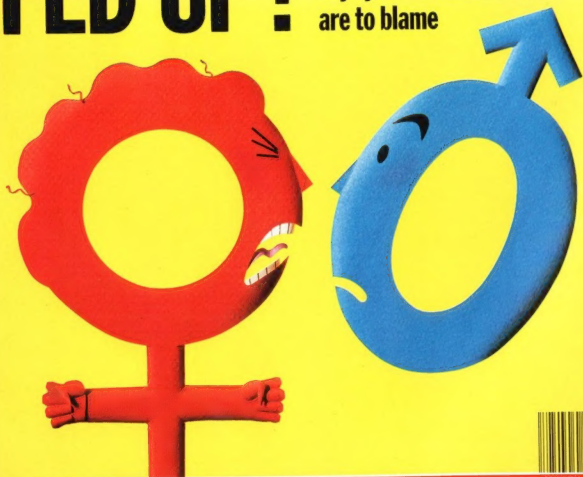
**Bork: Going,
Going...**



TIME

ARE WOMEN FED UP?

A hotly disputed Hite Report
says yes—and that men
are to blame



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41

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If you think you know which airlines have the best on-time performance, you may be surprised.

Thanks to the Department of Transportation for letting the truth come out.

The Department of Transportation has set minimum standards for airline industry performance. And starting in October, you can expect monthly reporting by the D.O.T. on how well airlines are doing.

At Continental, we applaud this move. In fact, last April we suggested to the Department that it require airlines to inform the public about their performance.

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Here you'll see something you haven't seen published before: airline on-time arrival rankings. And they may surprise you.

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Early this year, we integrated the operations of four major airlines into today's Continental. And there have been plenty of problems. Many were the problems of an entire industry, and some we brought on ourselves. But we're putting them behind us, day by day.

Continental is committed to the highest standards of safety and performance, of service and quality, in the air. And we're working harder than ever to meet those standards.

On-time performance is important to you, so it's important to us. We're proud that while other airlines talked, Continental delivered. That's what our commitment is all about.

ON-TIME ARRIVAL RANKINGS				
	OVERALL	1986	JAN-MAR 1987	APR-JUN 1987
Piedmont	1	2	1	1
Continental	2	1	5	3
U.S. Air	3	3	2	5
Eastern	4	4	4	4
American	5	5	3	2
Northwest	6	6	6	6
Delta	Will Not Report Data			
TWA	Incomplete Data			
United	Will Not Report Data			

Source: On-time performance data exchanged by major carriers; overall ranking is 18-month average.



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COVER: Women are angry with men and 68 frustrated with love, says a new Hite report

Two decades after the first stirrings of the sexual revolution and women's lib, the battle of the sexes rages on. In the latest of her provocative surveys on sex and love, Shere Hite depicts a new revolution at hand as women vent their frustration with modern relationships. Are women fed up? Or are things actually improving for both sexes, as Hite's many critics attest? See SEXES.



NATION: The Bork nomination is sinking 18 fast despite feverish White House efforts

A key Republican defection ensures an anti-Bork majority on the Senate Judiciary Committee, and Southern moderates join the stampede. ► The Democrats are in disarray as Michael Dukakis fires his campaign manager for leaking an "attack video." ► What exactly did William Casey tell Bob Woodward, and when did he tell it? ► The worst earthquake since 1971 rocks Los Angeles.



BUSINESS: A feud over high-tech export 50 controls rages inside the Administration

The Pentagon accuses the Commerce Department of letting computers and other sophisticated gear slip into the hands of the Soviets. But advocates of freer trade point out that U.S. restrictions are tight enough to cost the country \$9 billion in lost sales every year. ► Investors find profits by taking stock in bankruptcy. ► A new book tells how the Chinese vanquished famine.



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Ultra-Orthodox militants fight to impose religious law on a secular Israel. ► Three Kims vie for South Korea's presidency.</p> | <p>61 Health & Fitness
A glut of recent advertising campaigns touts the benefits of "real food," but nutritionists find many of them difficult to swallow.</p> | <p>63 Press
Look at those short stories and snazzy graphics! What else could this be but <i>USA Today</i>, the rainbow-hued paper that just turned five.</p> | <p>64 Ethics
Cashing in by the likes of Jessica Hahn and Donna Rice may be as American as a million dollars. But why do we feel uneasy about it?</p> | <p>10 Letters
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The Tigers and Blue Jays went unblinking down to the end, awaited by the Twins, the Giants, the Cardinals and the play-offs.</p> | <p>85 Cinema
Romance on the run in <i>Someone to Watch Over Me</i>. ► Passion in the closet in <i>Maurice</i>. ► Yuppie in the nursery in <i>Baby Boom</i>.</p> | <p>92 Music
The Boss is back. <i>Tunnel of Love</i>, Bruce Springsteen's first album of new songs since <i>Born in the U.S.A.</i>, is spare, strong and scary.</p> | <p>94 Essay
Was the advent of TV or the Pill more important than war or politics? A new book assesses what mattered in the 20th century.</p> | <p>Cover: Sculpture by Ajin; photographed by Roberto Brosan</p> |

A Letter from the Publisher

Correspondent Jeanne McDowell found Sex Researcher Shere Hite settled serenely on a satiny love seat in Hite's rococo Manhattan apartment. Instead of the antimale polemicist that McDowell had been warned about, she discovered a soft-spoken woman with a passion for classical music and antique clothes. "Walk into her house, and you feel as if you have entered another, gentler era," says McDowell. "And yet there she is, at the center of a storm about some of the most contentious issues of our time."

Women and Love, Hite's latest salvo in the battle of the sexes—and the subject of this week's cover story—sparked some skirmishes in the corridors of TIME. Many staff members who worked on the story were moved to conduct personal surveys on the state of male-female relationships. "It felt more like a national group-therapy session than a workweek," says Chicago Correspondent Elizabeth Taylor. Hite's basic conclusion, that women are profoundly dissatisfied in their dealings with men, was hotly debated. "Some people say her questions are rigged," notes Reporter-Researcher Jeannie Park. "But you can't deny the impact that her books have had." Though some staff members took issue with Hite's methodology and analysis, they sympathized with the women

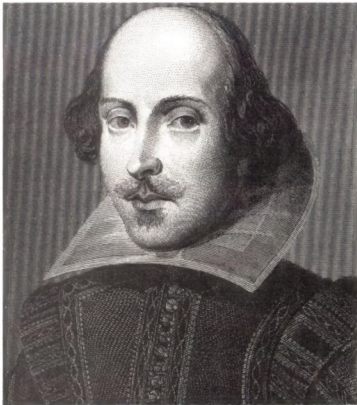


Center of the storm: Hite, seated, with McDowell

she quoted. "The voices in the book are telling us something," says McDowell. "Two decades after the women's movement began, communication between the sexes remains an issue."

Not for everyone, perhaps. Associate Editor Claudia Wallis, whose husband Hugh Osborn cared for their year-old son while Wallis spent long nights at the office writing the story, was unconvinced by Hite's book. "I don't believe the world is as bleak for women as she says," Wallis observes. Associate Editor Martha Smilgis agrees. "I am surprised at how fast some men are changing to meet the new demands of working women." That sentiment was echoed by New York Correspondent Wayne Svoboda, who found the male experts he interviewed virtually (and, cynics might say, predictably) unanimous in their objection to Hite's indictment of masculine behavior. "The book makes men sound like smugly apathetic brutes who don't care about depriving women of emotional sustenance," he says. All of which confirms what Hite learned long ago: if you make people angry, they will listen. And, of course, read.

Robert L. Miller



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That's not to say you can't make a tolerable Bourbon if you're extra particular about the quality of the grains you use, like we are. You also have to make sure your new white-oak barrels are charred just so, like we do. And it certainly helps if your Bourbon-making skills have passed down through generations, like ours have.

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Letters

Battle over Bork

To the Editors:

I was inclined to reject Judge Robert Bork as a Justice of the Supreme Court [NATION, Sept. 21] because I do not embrace President Reagan. But after watching Bork testify, I find him to be a reasonable man, something that cannot be said about many of those evaluating him. He also has a sense of humor. I like to think reason and humor are symbiotic.

Warren Lavender
Yucca Valley, Calif.



If Bork's ideology is anything, it is capricious, as illustrated by his track record: socialist, Marine, New Deal liberal, intentionalist and right-wing "radical" conservative. The Senate's concern should be focused on which philosophy he will subscribe to next, not on his current stand.

James H. Scherffius
San Jose

The way Bork ricochets from one political extreme to the other through "religious conversion" is characteristic of a zealot's search for the one true belief. You quote Bork as stating "You can't run counter to the conventional wisdom unless you're absolutely sure you're correct." This is what is so frightening about Bork's nomination. Zealots are always absolutely sure they are correct.

James R. Warncke
San Antonio

I am worried about Bork's position on the privacy issue. If there were fewer or no protections of privacy, the intrusions in our lives in this Big Brother age of FBI stings, phone tapping, computer files and interceptions would be unbearable.

Olga Minter
Muskego, Wis.

Bork's philosophy of judicial restraint is a reasonable antidote to 30 years of excessive social activism by the court.

John A. Hynes
Claymont, Del.

Judicial restraint is the safer course to follow in the court. A liberal at his worst will destroy the Constitution and progress; a conservative at his worst can only slow down progress, not destroy it.

Calvin Thielman
Montreat, N.C.

The Bork confirmation hearings reveal the existence of intellectual pygmies among his senatorial inquisitors. Ironically, two of his most vocal critics have been involved in activities that would make one question their credibility. I am more concerned about their influence in Government than about Bork's philosophy.

George Lacey
Salt Lake City

Linh's Pastimes

The irony was not lost when Nguyen Van Linh, the General Secretary of the Vietnamese Communist Party, remarked that a favorite pastime of his is reading Thomas Jefferson [WORLD, Sept. 21]. The Jefferson Memorial is inscribed with a Jefferson quote that reflects his thinking: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Oddly enough, Linh is the leader of a political party that has inflicted nothing but "tyranny over the mind of man."

Ron Hennessee
Dripping Springs, Texas

So Viet Nam's Linh reads Victor Hugo, Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine. It's too bad he doesn't understand them. If he did, the real parents and younger brother of my Vietnamese foster son would be allowed to leave Ho Chi Minh City and be with him in this country.

Donald Thorson
Alexandria, Va.

Linh says Viet Nam wants to forget the past. But there are war museums in Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City that exhibit parts of downed U.S. B-52s and F-5s and wrecked tanks to remind Vietnamese Communist cadres of so-called criminal acts by "U.S. imperialists." When referring to Viet Nam's occupation of Kampuchea, Linh said there was "no choice but to fight back" when "Pol Pot invaded our land" in 1978. To fight back is far different from the occupation of Kampuchea and the assimilation of the Khmer population by Communist Vietnamese.

Tran Van Luu
San Diego

Japan's New Look

To consider Japanese design of today masterly and highly original [DESIGN, Sept. 21] is to turn the facts upside down. Followers of the trendy imported fashion called postmodernism—Arata Isozaki and others, regardless of their commercial success stories, and Kenzo Tange, despite

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ARCO 

Letters

his earlier good buildings and latest honor—have moved far away from the human scale and refinement of Japanese style. Rather than introducing a golden age of creativity, they are showing signs of old-age degeneration.

*Paul Niepoort
St.-Germain-en-Laye, France*

I am horrified, as are many other knowledgeable Westerners, by Japan's systematic tearing down of its fine old wooden structures in Kyoto and replacing them with hideous two-story concrete buildings that lack the slightest suggestion of architectural style. In contrast to the occasional fine buildings that you describe, these tasteless ghetto-quality monstrosities are being built by the thousands. They are the unacceptable face of Japanese architecture.

*Dan E. Mayers, President
International Shakuhachi Society
Wadhurst, England*

Trading Causes

Why all the fuss about Elizabeth Dole's resigning her Cabinet post to campaign with her husband [NATION, Sept. 21]? Wasn't there a gentleman in this century who gave up a kingdom for a woman?

*Marilyn Torresson
New Smyrna Beach, Fla.*

If Elizabeth Dole were running for President, would Bob Dole resign from the Senate to join her campaign?

*Barbara Barnes Luce
Riverside Conn.*

Is there any way we can convey to Elizabeth Dole the idea that she should perhaps be running for the office of Chief Executive of this country?

*M. Neil Rogers
Bloomington, Ind.*

Crazy States

In "How to Deal with Countries Gone Mad" [ESSAY, Sept. 21], Charles Krauthammer claims that fanaticism's special gift is its ability "to routinize, to rationalize, to bureaucratize murderous irrationality." But is it not murderous irrationality to kill innocent civilians, destroy homes and power plants, and thus alienate our close neighbors in Central America? This is the legacy of our so-called *contra* freedom fighters. Let us not be so blinded by rabid anti-Communism that we become like the terrorist states we so correctly criticize.

*Stephen G. Nelson
Rockford, Ill.*

Quite right! The American bombing of Libya did have psychological significance. It made an indelible impression on the psyche of the "civilized" international community, signaling a very disturbing fact: the U.S., the leader of the "civilized"

Two Of A Kind



Three Of A Kind



Full House



Las Vegas

The American Way To Play



Soviets downplay Chernobyl
U.S. maintains the disaster was catastrophic

If the press didn't tell us, who would?

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Letters

world, could create a mirage of disinformation and plot the eradication of a head of state. Who has gone mad?

W/ Thomas Bryan
Delphos, Ohio

Mein Kampf Togetherness

In your article about Rudolf Hess [WORLD, Aug. 31], you stated that Hess and Hitler "met in Landsberg Prison." That is not quite correct. I knew Hess before the putsch in November 1923, when we were students together in Munich. He often urged me to go with him to a gathering of his friends who would rescue Germany from the slavery of the Versailles Treaty. I finally did attend a meeting, which later became famous as the Beer Hall Putsch, where Hitler came in shooting a pistol in the air. On this occasion I saw Hess literally push Hitler to the platform and then sit beside him as he spoke. Hitler was arrested after the November putsch, but Hess escaped to Austria. Following the trial in March 1924, when Hitler was imprisoned in Landsberg, Hess returned from Austria and voluntarily shared his Führer's imprisonment. Together they wrote *Mein Kampf*.

Fritz Herzfeld-Jones
San Diego

America for Sale

In your cover story "The Selling of America" [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Sept. 14], you wrote that "sharp-eyed Canadian mining companies have snapped up" mining ventures in the West. Actually, they have spent hundreds of millions of dollars to discover and develop these mines. In the late '70s, the American mining industry was bought up and subsequently trashed by the American oil industry. The Canadians arrived in the early '80s with money, talent and a long-term commitment to mining that is now paying off. As one American geologist whose butt was saved by a Canadian paycheck, I hope they make a bundle!

Roger Howell
Reno

Tooting the Blues Away

I love Woody Herman [PEOPLE, Sept. 21]. I have waited in line to see and hear him. He's been great for 50 years. I appreciate the way his friends are supporting him and helping prevent his eviction. What I don't support is Congressman John Conyers' introducing a bill to relieve Herman of a \$1.6 million tax debt. Who would pay for it? We the people.

Donald Harvig Nelson
Atlanta

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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American Scene

In Chicago: Seminars Everywhere

Every weekday all over America, on crowded commuter trains and in bumper-to-bumper traffic heading home, middle managers are talking to themselves. They are resolving to build team spirit, to start tickler files, to search for excellence and to drink less coffee.

They are mulling over how to apply the latest managerial techniques to the two clerks in accounts payable who have not spoken to each other since July 1972, when one of them said, "It's the humidity that's killing me," and the other replied, "I hope so."

They are rehearsing in excruciating detail how they will respond the next time the boss ushers them to a low couch and works over their egos like the mad dentist in *Little Shop of Horrors*.

They are dreaming, these middle managers, about getting away from it all. And short of an actual vacation, a three-day business seminar sounds like just the ticket. It will get them out of the office, and they might even learn something.

One week not long ago, several hundred such beleaguered souls arrived at the American Management Association center near Chicago-O'Hare International Airport. Their companies had put up \$800 to \$900 a head to enroll them in courses like "Time Management" and "Assertiveness Training for Managers."

Chicago was chockablock with business seminars that week. Next door at the Marriott, muscular types in gold chains and shorts were studying health-club management. Downtown, engineers laid out a grand for four days of "Pneumatic Conveying for Bulk Solids." A company called the 1st Seminar Service lists

100,000 such seminars annually around the country. By its estimate, corporations send 8 million people a year for outside training, and think it is worth paying about \$4 billion. The rustling sound of flip charts in action runs like a breeze through the cornfields from coast to coast.

In Room 212 at the A.M.A. center the assertiveness class is already under way. Our first volunteer is Karen, a 29-year-old specialist in inventory control, who is still trembling from a run-in with her boss, C.E. Ogre. In a role-playing session with her classmates, she relives the scene: Ogre looms over Karen's desk, throws down her latest report and thunders that while she may pretend she's turned around the El Paso situation, she is not fooling him. Karen's jaw drops, her head woggles in disbelief, and her voice quavers. "Are you calling me a liar?"

O.K., cut! Let's take it from the top, applying a few principles of effective communication. This time Karen looks up at Ogre ("Good eye contact, Karen") and says calmly, "Why don't you sit down so we can discuss some of the problems you have?" Under her breath she adds, "And so you're not standing over my goddam desk."

She waits for Ogre to have his say, and then she starts to pin him to specifics. What would he like her to do to demonstrate that her report is accurate? Karen is by now looking less shaky. But the group takes it twice more from the top to refine her approach. Will the technique work with the real-life Ogre when she gets back to headquarters? "You can phone me to find out," she says, adding, "If I'm not there, you'll know why."



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BMW 325es or Aston Martin Volante."

As long as we're being honest, there's something else you should know about. This year's Impulse Turbo also boasts a completely new, state-of-the-art, race proven, suspension system.

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"I just broke the
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2) Return from news agents:	331,000
G) Total:	5,355,000

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Douglas Kniffin, Business Manager

American Scene

Midmorning break, outside a class on business writing: "... and I said, 'Tom, you've got to stop writing your memos like Geraldo Rivera reporting the news, 'cause people are taking it personally.'"

Downstairs, students in a time-management class are discovering how much it costs to take a break. Add up salary, benefits, perks, overhead, support staff and contribution to profits, and a manager's time is worth \$1.50 a minute—much more in some cases. Says Instructor Larry Baker: "I had a sales force that was responsible for millions in sales, and one of them said, 'You mean if I sit and drink a cup of coffee for five minutes, that just cost my company \$287?' Well, yeah, it did." Imagine what it costs when some jerk gets you on the phone and spends 45 minutes networking! "You've been taught that it's rude to hang up on someone," Baker advises. "So wait till you're talking, then push the button."

Shoptalk in a class on managerial effectiveness: "I had a lunatic. I mean, he attacked his boss and chased him out of the building with a stool. Our attempt to fire him failed, so I asked him what he wanted, and he said, 'I want everybody to stay away from me. Everyone is impure.' It was The Twilight Zone. So I said, 'How would you like your own office?'"

Imagine dealing with nut cases and having to get your work done too. Suppose your boss has given you 20 people (19, not counting the lunatic), a \$750,000 budget and a six-month deadline on a project that will determine whether the company survives.

This is roughly the situation of students in Room 201, who are conjuring up imaginary new projects and then charting all the tasks needed to bring them to market. A manager from Godfather's Pizza is working with a training coordinator from Wisconsin Power & Light to launch nuclear wastes into the sun. Someone else is hoping to market a stringless yo-yo ("potential opportunity: SDI").

A company's survival rides on ideas like this? Actually, the point of the lesson isn't the product but the process of organizing a project into a "network diagram," says Instructor Ted Urban. "I've seen diagrams with 2,000 activities that would fill up that whole wall. People say, 'Oh, my God!'" But the diagram becomes a road map. You can use it to figure out that a two-week delay at Step 16 is going to cost \$100,000. The alternative is to wing it, which can get expensive—especially if you count the \$287 coffee breaks.

Midafternoon intermission: A general rush to the pay phones, of which there are 40 in the two-story center. On the line to Kankakee: "It was my understanding that Carol told Joe they mailed it out on Friday. Well, I'm going to call Jim to find out what happened."

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Photography by Malcolm Varon

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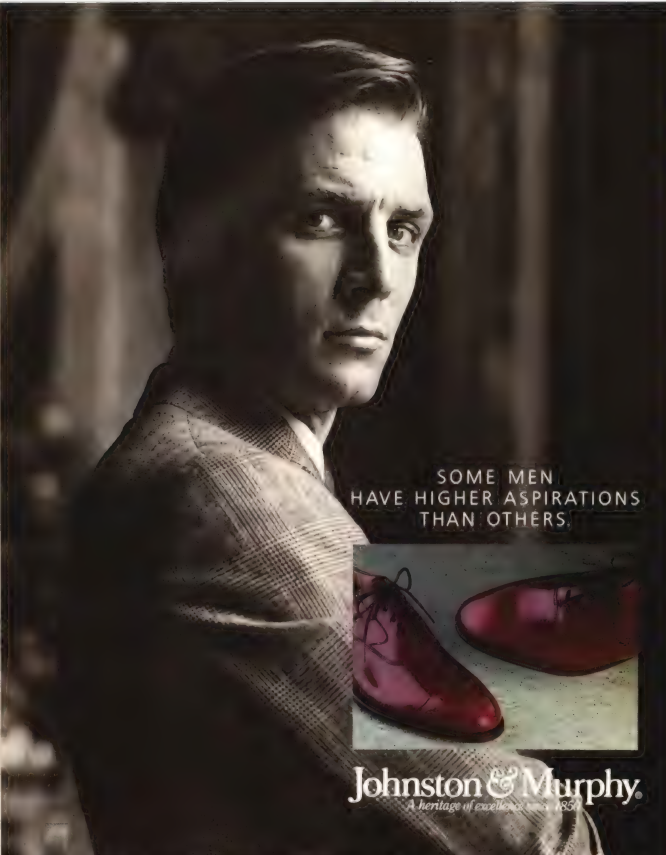
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Instructors in the seminars tend to mix impressive jargon—Hersey/Blanchard situational leadership, Ouchi's Theory Z—with the homiest of explanations. Introducing the Premack Principle, Larry Baker says, "My mother used to state it functionally: 'Larry, when your room is clean, you may go out to play.'"

Psychometric tests abound. "This is a good little instrument for surfacing data," says an instructor as he hands out a 90-question "preference inventory." In his class on managerial effectiveness, William Zierdt offers individual analysis of the results, adding, "I also read tea leaves, or you can bring your own chicken." Thus a volunteer learns that he's a decision-making rationalist with no emotional content. "Hell, that's success in the business world," says Zierdt.

The idea, he says, is to get people to consider how personalities affect a job. Says the decision-making rationalist: "I've picked up a lot of things on the peo-



Instructor Zierdt defines success

ple side, on the mechanics of manipulating people—that's not the right word—motivating people."

Business seminars also offer a chance to kibitz with outsiders. "What's neat," says an Indiana man, "is you're not competing, so you don't mind exchanging ideas. I'm in explosives, and he's making mattresses for hotels. So you don't worry about trade secrets as such."

Heading home, the seminar students look retooled, retuned, relaxed. Their arms enfold three-ring binders full of freshly surfaced data. They are carrying copies of *The Pinstripe Gourmet*, or *Think Smart, Move Fast*, or even *How to Make It Big as a Consultant*. At the airport newsstand a magazine cover line catches the eye: MANAGEMENT SECRETS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. Now there was a role model for the ages, a boss who could communicate in the "I win, you lose" mode and get away with it. A guy who conquered Iran, no less.

The big question is, How did he ever do it without the help of business seminars?

—By Richard Conniff



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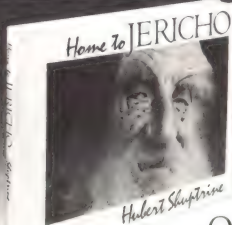
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TIME/OCTOBER 12, 1987

Gone With the Wind

Southern Senators may doom the Bork nomination

Making the telephone call was something Senator Arlen Specter had dreaded but felt compelled to do. After Specter imparted his bad news to Robert Bork last week, the judge simply said, "Senator, I'm very disappointed." Replied the Pennsylvania Republican: "I wanted to be the one to tell you."

A short time later, Specter took the Senate floor and announced his intention to vote against Bork's nomination to the U.S. Supreme Court. "I believe there is

sylvanian joined the small band of moderate Republicans who are against Bork. A trio of Southern Democrats, including Louisiana's influential conservative J. Bennett Johnston, said they too would oppose the judge when his nomination comes to a vote. With the Democrats holding a 54-to-46 majority in the Senate, the President had been relying on Southern crossover votes to give his man the 51 yes he will need for confirmation. Making matters worse for the White House, the sudden anti-Bork declarations seemed to have a snowball effect: in all, 13 lawmakers, including five Democratic Southerners, voiced their opposition to the judge last week.

whip. Conceded Kevin Phillips, a conservative political analyst: "I don't see that they have any choice but withdrawal."

But the President contended that he has no plans to take Bork out of the running. "I don't think it's decided yet," Reagan said, "and I'm working my head off to make sure we don't lose it." Administration head counters say that 43 Senators favor Bork and deduce that some 17 are still undecided. Last week the President met with five of the fence sitters in the White House. Reagan is hoping he will have at least a couple of weeks for intensive lobbying between Tuesday's scheduled Judiciary Committee vote and a full Senate roll call on Bork. But Senate Democrats who feel confident that they have the ways to kill the Bork nomination last week successfully urged Majority Leader Robert Byrd of West Virginia to bring the issue to the floor as soon as possible.

Whatever the countdown to the Bork vote, Reagan seems determined to keep pushing for his nominee. The President, who was said to be dismayed at the "partisanship and political savagery" of the anti-Bork campaign, made three speeches for his nominee last week. He also devoted his Saturday radio address to the Bork battle. "Tell your Senators to resist the politicization of our court system," Reagan urged listeners. "Tell them you support the appointment of Judge Robert Bork." Administration sources said the President is even considering a televised speech to the nation to call for Bork's confirmation. Declared Washington Lobbyist Tom Korologos, one of the White House's chief strategists in the Bork drive: "If we go down, we go down fighting."

Amid the turmoil surrounding his nomination, Bork has continued his visits with key Senators, tirelessly explaining his stands on legal issues, struggling to convince lawmakers that he is the right man for the Supreme Court. Though one Reagan aide described Bork as "nervous as a tic," he insists that the judge has never talked about withdrawing his nomination. "He was not asked to [withdraw] and didn't raise it" during a 20-minute pep talk with the President at the White House last week, said the aide. An official who spent a good deal of time with Bork last week said the nominee was more perplexed than edgy: "He has a hard time understand-



Light end of the scale: only Boren, top, and the G.O.P.'s John McCain of Arizona and Phil Gramm of Texas weighed in for Bork last week

substantial doubt as to how he would apply fundamental principles of constitutional law," said Specter. Until the Senate Judiciary Committee concluded its twelve days of confirmation hearings last Wednesday, Specter was the only undecided Republican on the 14-member panel. His defection virtually guaranteed an anti-Bork majority when the committee votes on the nomination this week.

Specter's decision was a turning point in a grim week for Ronald Reagan's controversial nominee. The same day the Penn-

Though Bork supporters and opponents quibbled over the precise Senate head count, even the most optimistic estimates for Bork fell at least eight votes short of a majority. At week's end many liberals and conservatives who had fought fiercely over the nomination since July were finally in agreement on the outcome of the battle: Robert Bork will not serve on the Supreme Court. "I think [the Administration] will have to withdraw the nomination," declared California Democrat Alan Cranston, the Senate majority

ing "why this is happening to me."

Some conservatives blame a wrong-headed White House game plan for the setback on the Bork nomination. "The slip-page we've seen is a reflection of the strategy of trying to change this guy into a friendly, bearded moderate," says Kevin Phillips. Indeed, since the summer, the Administration has countered charges that Bork is a right-wing zealot by depicting the judge as an open-minded centrist. Bork portrayed himself in the same light during his five days of Senate testimony last month. But in the process, he revised or backed away from some of his more conservative stands on issues ranging from freedom of speech to privacy rights. Judiciary Committee Member Patrick Leahy, a Vermont Democrat, called Bork's changes of mind a case of "confirmation conversion."

Last week Specter, Johnston and several other Senators cited Bork's flip-flops as a major reason for their opposition. "Here is a brilliant scholar going through the agony of public hearings and public scrutiny," said Democrat David Pryor of Arkansas, as he announced his intention to vote against Bork. "And yet we don't know him any better now than we did months ago. I would even submit... that he does not know himself."

While the Reagan Administration set about painting Bork's record in neutral colors, right-wing organizations were instructed to tone down their pro-Bork campaigns. Some conservatives blame White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker for preventing the right from using "red-meat issues" such as school prayer, busing and the death penalty to rally support for Bork. "I'm not sure the public has any idea what Bork stands for," says Phillips. "I doubt Howard Baker has any good working overview of what's going on in America." Meanwhile, the anti-Bork juggernaut was allowed to monopolize the media. Print and television advertisements assailing Bork's views on civil rights and women's issues appear to have been stunningly effective.

Reagan altered his tactics slightly last week by hailing Bork's toughness on crime and condemning "liberal judges who protect criminals." But for the most part, Reagan still touted Bork as a moderate, criticizing the "deliberate campaign of disinformation and distortion" that depicted the judge as an ultraconservative ideologue. Indeed, White House advisers say it was the President who made the decision to avoid a bloody ideological fight. "Ronald Reagan himself didn't want that to happen," says one aide. "But the right wing has never been able to accept that fact."

So far, the President's stepped-up efforts for Bork have done little to stem the growing public disapproval of the nominee. Opposition to Bork has been particularly striking in the South. Last week the Atlanta *Constitution* published a Roper Organization poll of twelve Southern states that showed 51% of respondents against Bork

and only 31% for him. Even Southerners who described themselves as conservative opposed Bork, 44% to 39%.

Some Southerners are worried that Bork's impact on civil rights legislation could revive the hostilities of the 1950s and '60s over desegregation. Announcing his opposition to Bork last week, Texas Democrat Lloyd Bentsen remarked, "In virtually every case where he has taken a position, Judge Bork has opposed the advancement of civil rights over the past 25 years." Former President Jimmy Carter stressed that point in a letter he sent to the Senate Judiciary Committee last week. Wrote Carter: "As a Southerner who has observed personally the long and difficult years of the struggle for civil rights for black and other minority people, I find Judge Bork's impressively consistent opinions to be particularly obnoxious."

One important Southern Democrat who remained undecided last week was Alabama's Howell Heflin, a member of the Judiciary Committee. During the hearings, Heflin seemed to be leaning toward Bork. But in the wake of Southern poll results and the anti-Bork stands of some of his colleagues, the Senator ap-

peared to be wavering. Emerging from a meeting with the President, Heflin tried to explain his ambivalence regarding the judge. "He could be an evolving individual with a great intellectual curiosity to experience the unusual, the unknown, the strange," said Heflin. "On the other hand, he may be a reactionary weird."

The White House hoped that Heflin could help the President save face on the Judiciary Committee. But with Specter going against Bork and undecided Arizona Democrat Dennis DeConcini expected to follow suit, even a pro-Bork vote by Heflin at this stage would probably mean nothing more than an 8-to-6 defeat for the nominee rather than a 9-to-5 loss.

No matter how the committee votes, the Bork nomination will be reported to the full Senate. There the Administration is counting on Heflin's support to win over some of the remaining undecided Southern Democrats. But after the events of last week, that could prove to be wishful thinking. Several newly elected Democratic Southerners—John Breaux of Louisiana, Wyche Fowler of Georgia and Richard Shelby of Alabama—owe their narrow victories last year to black voters, who overwhelmingly oppose Bork. These lawmakers are more likely to follow the



Tippling the balance were Senators who declared against Bork last week, including, top row, Johnston, Jeff Bingaman of New Mexico, Bentsen, Maryland's Barbara Mikulski; middle row, Pryor, Specter, John Kerry of Massachusetts and Timothy Wirth of Colorado; bottom row, New Jersey's Bill Bradley, Montana's Max Baucus, Michigan's Carl Levin and Terry Sanford of North Carolina

Nation

lead of Louisiana's Johnston, the conservative Democrat who last week called Bork's views "devoid of moral content." Said Johnston: "He misses the spirit of the Constitution." Even Democrats who are not very dependent on black votes, such as Bentsen of Texas and John D. Rockefeller IV of West Virginia, have declared themselves against Bork.

The White House is also working against resentments built up over two terms, as the Justice Department refused to provide Southern Democrats with judgeships to fill. Says a White House aide of the Justice Department: "They have helped create some of the poison that's in the system right now."

Still, all may not be lost for the Administration. The President did win a Southern Democratic defection last week when Oklahoma's David Boren joined South Carolina's Fritz Hollings in promising to vote for Bork. Reagan may keep moderate New England Republicans like Maine's William Cohen and Vermont's

Robert Stafford from joining anti-Bork Colleagues Specter, Robert Packwood of Oregon and Lowell Weicker of Connecticut. If so, the President, by his estimate, would only have to pick up five more Democrats. In fact, Reagan would be satisfied with a 50-to-50 deadlock on the Senate floor, since in the event of a tie, the Vice President would cast the deciding vote. Presidential Candidate George Bush would no doubt welcome the chance to break a Bork impasse and subsequently score points with the right wing of the Republican Party.

It is always risky to write off Reagan's powers of persuasion in a tight situation, but on the Bork nomination the President seems to have overestimated his strength. With Bork replacing moderate Justice Lewis Powell, the President would finally have the opportunity to put the stamp of his social agenda on U.S. law. The White House fully expected a battle from liberals, but the President and

his men have been surprised by the uproar they have aroused among the public. Says Ralph Neas, executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, which has led the fight against Bork: "Events of the past six weeks have shown clearly that the American people simply do not want to revisit issues they consider settled." On questions of civil rights and women's equality, says Neas, "people don't want to fight battles they believe are over."

If the Senate does indeed reject Bork, some observers expect an angry conservative backlash. The result could be greater polarization during the course of U.S. law and society in post-Reagan America. On the other hand, the public's generally negative reaction to Bork may have provided conclusive proof of one of the paradoxes of the Reagan era: the American people may love the President, but they have never been wild about many of his policies. —By Jacob V. Lumar Jr. Reported by Hays Gorey and Barrett Seaman/Washington

Is Eight Enough?

The U.S. Supreme Court begins a new term this week a bit short-handed. With the prospects for Robert Bork's confirmation all but sunk, former Justice Lewis Powell's empty seat may stay empty for months. In some controversial cases, the eight Justices will be delicately balanced between left and right; with two wings of equal size, the court may wind up as a kind of judicial ostrich—lots of flap but not much flight.

Short-handed benches have occurred before. After the 1969 resignation of Justice Abe Fortas, a year elapsed before the Senate confirmed Richard Nixon's third nominee, Harry Blackmun. The Justices postponed some of the court's docket and even ordered rearguments on some cases they did hear. "When the vote was 4 to 4, they simply stopped," says Thomas Krattenmaker, associate dean at Georgetown law school, who was a clerk to Justice John Harlan. In 1985, after Powell had been absent nearly three months for treatment of prostate cancer, the court announced eight tie rulings, although it also ordered rearguments in four cases heard in his absence. By last week there were 91 cases on the docket for review this term, with dozens more to be added. In those it chooses to decide, a tie would leave the lower-court decision intact without setting a Supreme Court precedent.

Powell was one of the court's most frequent swing votes. Without him, a number of 4-to-4 ties are likely. Though the ideological splits are by no means firm, deadlocks are possible on some of the thorniest questions scheduled for argument in the coming weeks.

SCHOOL PRAYER. Two years ago, when the court overturned an Alabama law that provided for a moment of silent "meditation or voluntary prayer" in the public schools, Powell and Justice Sandra Day O'Connor wrote in separate concurrences that a simple moment-of-silence law might be

constitutional. This week the court will hear arguments concerning a New Jersey law that merely permits a moment of silent "contemplation and introspection." Two lower courts have already found the law unconstitutional, after concluding that despite its neutral language, the statute has a religious purpose.

ABORTION. The court will consider an Illinois law, struck down in a lower court, that requires some minors to inform their parents and wait 24 hours before an abortion. Previously the court has said that in certain circumstances states can require minors to obtain parental consent, but the Justices have also ruled that states cannot require adult women to observe a 24-hour waiting period.

DEATH PENALTY. There are 32 death-row prisoners around the country who were younger than 18 when they committed their crimes. In early November the court will consider whether capital punishment is permissible in such cases when it hears the appeal of a convicted killer who was 15 at the time of the crime.

FREE PRESS. Next week the court hears arguments in a press-censorship case involving a Missouri high school principal who ordered two pages removed from a student newspaper because of articles about pregnant teenagers and the effect of divorce on adolescents. The question is whether school officials may censor articles without demonstrating that they would disrupt school life or expose the school to lawsuits.

The Justices will be under pressure to resolve most questions, however reluctantly, because failure to do so would leave lawyers and lower courts unsure of the high court's direction. "There is a strong institutional drive to behave as if things are proceeding normally," says Yale Law Professor Paul Gewirtz. But will the drive be enough when the Justices try to steer in two directions? —By Richard Lacayo. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington



Vitriol in the Rose Garden

Bork is not the only battle between Reagan and Congress

Bill-signing ceremonies in the White House Rose Garden are usually harmonious occasions: as cameras click and whir, the President flashes a broad smile, tosses off a few quips and hands out pens to congressional sponsors. Not so last week. The sponsors squirmed and an unsmiling Ronald Reagan growled as he signed the revised Gramm-Rudman bill, requiring the Federal Government to slash \$23 billion from the deficit this fiscal year and to balance the budget by fiscal 1993. Reagan fired salvo after salvo at Capitol Hill's "big spenders"—read liberal Democrats—even though the Republicans standing behind him had also put their names on what amounted to a legislative booby trap.

Reagan wanted to veto the measure but could not: it was attached to a bill that raised the nation's debt ceiling to a stratospheric \$2.8 trillion. A veto would have cut the Treasury off from its lifeline of borrowed money and forced the Government to begin closing down. By signing the legislation, the President might have to swallow what until now would have made him gag: a cut in defense spending or a hike in taxes, or both. Under the legislative compromise, if Congress and the President cannot agree on how to achieve the \$23 billion in savings, half will be sliced from the domestic budget and half from defense.

"Most bill-signing ceremonies are happy occasions," observed Reagan. "This one is not... There are some in Congress who think that they have me trapped, that this time I'll have no choice but to raise taxes or gut our defenses." He dismissed talk of capitulation with a curt "Nuts."

"Yes, I'll sign this bill," Reagan said. "And as I do so, from this moment on, the big spenders in Congress will have a fight on their hands."

And a fight it is on nearly every issue, from the budget to the Bork nomination. Once again the White House and the Democratic-controlled Congress are on a collision course. "The record of Ronald Reagan's past two years and the record of the 100th Congress," says House Majority Leader Thomas Foley, "depend upon how we adjust these differences. An approach of no compromise means no legislation."

The struggle over defense policy is also nearing an impasse. Last week the Senate passed a \$302 billion Pentagon budget that bristles with restrictive amendments. The bill would require the U.S. to adhere to the original, narrow interpretation of the 1972 Antiballistic Missile Treaty, which limits testing of the Strategic Defense Initiative. Another amendment would ban the Pentagon from building weapons that surpass the numerical limits set by the unratified SALT II. Reagan vowed to veto the bill, but Sam Nunn, the Democrat who chairs the

Armed Services Committee, did not flinch: "President Reagan can veto it and veto it and veto it, but he cannot pass an appropriations bill, he cannot fund the national security of this country until he signs something into law."

Many in Congress are also incensed over Reagan's refusal to invoke the 1973 War Powers Resolution, even though U.S. ships are escorting tankers through the Persian Gulf and have seized an Iranian ship caught laying mines. The frustrations have contributed to a view that Reagan has little regard for Congress.

"This Administration fails to grasp that Congress has a role to play in foreign policy," says Senate Majority Leader

refused even to discuss specific ways of raising revenue until the figure was reduced. Yet without a tax increase, no one pretends to know how the budget goals will be reached. "Beats me," said Senate Republican Leader Robert Dole.

The idea of turning the Rose Garden signing into a display of Executive vitriol came from White House Aide Thomas Griscom. Baker stood at a distance from the ceremony, a study in discomfort. "Howard Baker was dying out there," said a White House aide. As the former Republican majority leader in the Senate, Baker was widely expected to bridge the gap between Congress and the White House when he signed on with Reagan last February. In an atmosphere that encourages confrontation rather than compromise, however, Baker's talent for finding common ground has gone largely untapped.



The President and his chief of staff conferring last week in the Oval Office

A "central core of conviction" and no taste for compromise.

Robert Byrd. "It wants Congress to roll over and play dead. The President thinks Congress is his whipping boy. He won't budge on the budget, and he won't do anything to help Congress lower the national deficit."

On the revised Gramm-Rudman bill, Congress simply outmaneuvered the President. Treasury Secretary James Baker convinced Reagan that a refusal to sign the debt-reduction measure could jeopardize international financial stability. Only reluctantly did the President reject an appeal by Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger to veto the bill at any cost. White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker and congressional Republicans argued that the President could still sustain vetoes of any subsequent tax bills. Congress would then have to muster a two-thirds vote in favor of a tax increase in an election season.

Hostility to a tax increase was evident last Thursday, when Republicans on the House Ways and Means Committee challenged the need for a \$12 billion hike and

Indeed, Baker frequently points out that "Ronald Reagan is President and I am not." The President, he has found, is very much his own man. "I have given him the best advice I could," Baker told TIME last week. "I've counseled with him as he wished. In the final analysis, he makes presidential decisions." Baker does not speak of Reagan's confrontational style with Congress, but rather of what he calls his boss's "central core of conviction."

Despite his stubbornness, Reagan has a knack for turning almost any situation to his advantage. Hours before his angry speech against the Gramm-Rudman bill, he told a meeting of the International Monetary Fund that the legislation was a "signal that America was not backing down from its responsibilities." And because the new law delays the deepest budget cuts until after Reagan has left the Oval Office, the very measure that is a booby trap for him today may ensnare a Democratic successor tomorrow. —By Ted Gup.

Reported by Barrett Seaman/Washington



The Dwarfs in Disarray

Michael Dukakis is the latest Democrat to wound himself

"Can't anybody play this here game?"
—Casey Stengel to the New York
Mets, 1962

The same anguished question might be asked by today's voters of the Democrats who propose to capture the White House next year. Unlike the ballplayers on that woeful expansion team of a quarter-century ago, the Democratic candidates were supposed to be slick, blooded pros who could project an attractive image of cool competence. Instead, they have been putting on a tangle-footed show reminiscent of the blunders that made the original Mets a synonym for ineptitude.

First Gary Hart and then Joseph Biden played themselves out of the presidential lineup because of foolish errors. Last week it was Michael Dukakis who stumbled badly. The Massachusetts governor, whose image of rock-solid integrity has been a major selling point, had to accept the resignations of his two top aides for their part in bushwhacking the Biden candidacy. Worse, Dukakis first denied his campaign's part in undermining Biden, then revealed his aides' role, then hesitated before letting them go. His handling of the crisis made him look ill-informed and indecisive.

Unlike Hart and Biden, Dukakis will stay in the race. But his five remaining Democratic presidential rivals can take little comfort from the Governor's woes. The sight of yet another candidate under fire at a press conference adds to an impression, harmful to all Democrats, that the party's race is becoming a demolition derby that will be won by the last battered survivor.

Says Robert Beckel, a senior aide to Walter Mondale in 1984: "This is one hell of a way to start. We've got a stature problem: some of our best candidates have refused to enter the race, and now two others have got out and Dukakis is in serious trouble—all in five months." Andrew Kohut, head of the Gallup polling organization, puts it more bluntly. Says he: "The Dukakis-Biden incident will reinforce the perception that Democrats are screw-ups."

Quite needlessly too. The source of Dukakis' trouble was in itself nothing so terrible: it was a videotape, covertly circulated in early September to three major news organizations, splicing together speeches by British Labor Party Leader Neil Kinnock and Senator Biden in a way that demonstrated how Biden had been plagiarizing Kinnock's words. Distribution of the tape could have been defended as a proper revelation that raised legitimate questions about Biden's ability to be President. True, it would have been severely embarrassing for any campaign to admit taking shots at Biden on the eve of the hearings he conducted on Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court. Furious Democrats regarded the video as undermining the effort to defeat Bork, an important party cause. Even so, the embarrassment would have been minor compared with what actually occurred.

What happened was that Campaign Manager John Sasso phoned Dukakis in Iowa Sept. 27 to warn him that a story in the forthcoming edition of *TIME* identified the Dukakis campaign as the source of the video. Dukakis somewhat cryptically told Sasso to "check out" the story. But the

Governor, who likes to portray himself as a hands-on manager who pays close attention to detail, overlooked one rather salient question. By his own account, he never asked Sasso if the story was true.

Instead, Dukakis called a press conference Monday morning in Boston to deny that his campaign had had anything to do with the video. He went further to proclaim his abhorrence of attacks on rivals. Said the Governor: "Anybody who knows me, and knows the kind of campaigns I run, knows how strongly I feel about negative campaigning." Apparently, that message had failed to get through to Sasso, who knows Dukakis so well that he is sometimes called the Governor's alter ego. Besieged by reporters' inquiries, Sasso on Tuesday afternoon confessed to Dukakis what he should have made clear earlier: it was Sasso himself who had ordered the Biden-Kinnock video and sent it to the *New York Times*. He had then directed aides to dispatch identical videos to the *Des Moines Register* and *NBC News*.

"I can't live with something like this," Dukakis declared. But the Governor initially kept the news to himself, so as not to spoil the mood of a party called Tuesday night to celebrate the fact that his campaign had raised \$8 million, more than twice as much as any other Democrat's. Dukakis, an amateur trumpet player, tooted—of all things—*Happy Days Are Here Again*. But by Wednesday morning he had to face a different kind of music. First he phoned Biden to say he "felt badly" about what had happened; according to Biden, the Governor tactlessly added that "he knows what it's like to lose." Then Dukakis called another press conference to report Sasso's confession.

Two days earlier Dukakis had said he would be inclined to fire any aide caught



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Nation

engaging in negative campaigning. But on Wednesday morning he declined to accept the resignation Sasso had offered the day before; he said he would merely send Sasso away on a two-week leave. That resolve lasted all of four hours. Statehouse advisers and campaign aides came to Sasso and Dukakis with demands that the campaign manager get out for good. On Wednesday afternoon Sasso called his own press conference to announce that Dukakis, at Sasso's insistence, had accepted his resignation. Dukakis promptly confirmed that, scoring his second reversal of the day. A second top campaign aide, Political Director Paul Tully, also quit; his position had become untenable because he had falsely

supporters and campaign contributors.

Summing up the damage, Robert Farmer, Dukakis' campaign treasurer, asserts, "We've taken a body blow, but we're going to make sure the campaign is a success." Perhaps. Campaigning across Iowa Friday, Dukakis brought up the subject voluntarily at almost every stop, portraying himself as a man who had taken painful but decisive action to maintain his integrity. Many voters seemed forgiving. But in New Hampshire, where he has been leading, a quick poll showed a 10% drop in the number of voters who view him favorably.

This latest controversy can only reinforce the impression that Will Rogers articulated decades ago when he announced

Democrats or leaning that way, vs. 46% Republicans or G.O.P. leaners.

But when the voters were asked questions relating to organization and competence, the Democratic advantage disappeared. The respondents divided about equally as to which party selects good candidates and is able to manage the Federal Government well; moreover, 34% thought the Republican Party "is well organized," but only 19% would say that about the Democrats.

Since then things have obviously got no better for the Democrats. One of the party's greatest problems has been the absence from the race of some of the best potential vote getters: Bill Bradley, Mario Cuomo and Sam Nunn. Last week these noncandidates were joined by another refugee: Colorado Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder, who had been vigorously testing the waters since June, announced in Denver that she would not plunge in officially. To the embarrassment of her supporters, Schroeder burst into tears and had to be comforted by her husband James for a full minute before she could continue with her announcement. Schroeder gave a number of reasons for staying out, among them that she could not maintain personal contact with voters. Said she: "I could not bear to turn every human contact into a photo opportunity." Schroeder would have been a long shot, but she could have added color and flair to a bland field.

The six remaining candidates suffer from a common problem: with the exception of Jesse Jackson, they are still not well known nationally. Only Jackson has developed a large body of committed supporters willing to overlook errors and discount or ignore unfavorable publicity. The others remain vulnerable to being blown away by the first puff of bad news, as happened to Hart and Biden, and could yet occur to Dukakis. The threat is all the greater for a related reason: without large issues to distinguish the candidates, media coverage has tended to focus on personality and character, tricky subjects for campaigns whose first blast of national publicity may be their last.

The six Republicans already in the race or about to announce officially are less vulnerable. With the exception of Pete du Pont, they are better known than the Democrats. Voters are thus more likely to balance their stands on issues against unfavorable personal publicity. The G.O.P. may experience some fratricidal bloodletting later: some of the candidates are known to have little use for one another. But so far their campaigns have been rather gentlemanly. Among the Democrats, however, the question is shifting away from how many will survive past Iowa, New Hampshire and the Super Tuesday primaries in the South. It is becoming how many will make it even as far as Iowa.

—By George I. Church.

Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington and Michael Riley, with Dukakis



Dukakis heads into his press conference; later, Sasso heads out the door



denied to TIME that the Dukakis campaign had circulated the Biden-Kinnock video.

The departures left the campaign bereft of its most experienced drivers. Sasso had engineered Dukakis' comeback from a galling gubernatorial defeat in 1978, and was responsible for his emergence as a politician of national stature. Dukakis had frequently introduced Sasso by saying, "I wouldn't be here without him."

The organizational damage is merely compared to the way Dukakis' carefully polished image has been tarnished. Reserved to the point of aloofness, the Governor is no charisma candidate. His principal appeal is his reputation as an efficient manager, and he has been pushing that appeal for all it is worth. For example, Dukakis has derided Ronald Reagan for being dangerously unaware of what the White House staff was doing during the Iran-contras affair, yet in the first crisis of his campaign, the Governor appeared ignorant of what his own campaign staff had been up to. If Dukakis had fired Sasso immediately, he might have looked decisive; if he had kept Sasso on, he might have got credit for gritty determination. Instead, he merely looked like a waverer who in the end bowed to pressure from political

that he didn't belong to an organized political party: he was a Democrat. A good bit of the population has something like that impression as well, to judge from an exceptionally broad and detailed poll conducted by Gallup for the Los Angeles Times Mirror Co. and published last week. On the whole, the 4,200 people polled were markedly favorable toward the party: 54% identified themselves as



Schroeder heads for her husband's shoulder in Denver, a weepy withdrawal.

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For Real Fun, Watch the G.O.P.



Catcalls and chaos mar Bed-Stuy rally

Unglad Tidings

Robertson stumbles on kickoff

In his autobiography, Pat Robertson described his brief 1959 ministry in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn in a chapter titled "Rats, Roaches and Bedbugs." With the televangelist harboring such fond memories of the local insect population, it seemed strange that Robertson would select this slowly gentrifying black neighborhood to formally declare his G.O.P. presidential candidacy.

The tree-lined street where Robertson had lived was gussied up for the occasion, complete with an all-black combo wafting cool jazz notes into the crisp autumn air. But only 60 or so supporters were seated on folding chairs. An additional 400 were expected but didn't show, and the candidate's tranquil TV tableau was quickly transformed into bedlam in Bed-Stuy. Several dozen demonstrators, many of them gay activists, waved derisive placards that proclaimed such unglad tidings as HITLER IN 1939. ROBERTSON IN 1988. As Robertson volunteers distributed bumper stickers, a grandmotherly black woman snapped, "Does he really think he can come back here after 20 years and get our vote?"

The jeering reached a climax as the candidate stepped to the podium to the theme from *Rocky*. Robertson briefly tried to fight the crowd by shouting, "People should have the right to be heard when they speak!" Shaken by his reception, he jettisoned his 18-page text and instead delivered 15 minutes of rushed rhetoric on family values.

If Brooklyn illustrated the campaign's divisive potential, a New Hampshire rally that evening showed Robertson's ability to generate revival-meeting rapture. His announcement speech, finally given in its entirety, was interrupted by ten standing ovations. The crowd of 1,200 roared with delight as he talked of returning prayer to the schools. This passion petrifies traditional Republican politicians, but Robertson has yet to craft a message that secures widespread secular support.

Time for a hunch. Barring man-made calamities, natural disasters or World War III, George Bush is apt to become the next President of the U.S.

We have reached that point in the presidential cycle when old political war-horses come in from the summer's foraging among the grass roots and bet their pocket change on a candidate. A year ahead is a little crazy, sure—but take heed. Back in 1959 a tousle-haired young reporter for the *Boston Globe* came home after some lonely wanderings with a young Senator and mused on paper that the Kennedys were coming. Bob Healy's evidence was mostly in his gut—but so right. The *New York Times*'s Johnny Apple roamed the prairie hustings with Jimmy (who?) Carter in 1975 and startled the world with a story in October that the Georgian might go to the top.

So, after weeks of dusty browsing around this great country, I stopped for coffee at Toad's Place, out in western Iowa, and bet my old gang a nickel on Bush. It may be catching. The Washington *Post*'s David Broder last week inhaled the fall vapors and wrote, "The recognition is growing in the political community that odds favor the Republicans' nominating the next President."

Bush has regained a comfortable lead in the polls. He has survived the indignities of being Vice President, a man subject to harsh indictment from right and left without the freedom to respond.

And suddenly Bush is no longer alone on the battlefield. Other mortals have become targets. Bush can sound silly—using phrases like "deep doo-doo"—and telling reporters last week after visiting Poland that Soviet tanks rarely break down and the workers who make them should be sent to Detroit "because we could use that kind of ability." But that pales beside the glandular and verbal flare-ups among the Democrats. Bush's 21 years of solid public service in six big jobs stand like granite, sober but more enduring than a weekend on the *Monkey Business* or a speech imported from British Poet Neil Kinnock. We always choose a President by comparing him with somebody else.

Which suggests that the most political fun this season may be found among the Republicans seeking the nomination, if that is not an oxymoron. There is a new phenomenon abroad in the land, and it has just begun to pique the curiosity of the pollsters and the handlers. Call it Dole?

Senator Bob Dole has been nipping at Bush's heels for a long time. Now he has been cloned. Liddy Dole is not only his wife; she is also a national political figure with presidential potential of her own. She left her Cabinet job as Transportation Secretary last Wednesday to join her husband's crusade. There has never been a combination like this in American history.

Liddy Dole is neither mother nor housekeeper. She is a power broker who happens to have a North Carolina accent, which undoubtedly will deepen as the campaign wears on and she fields policy questions about nuclear arms, budgets, trade balances, airline safety. Strategic issues will not be escaped as they were by Nancy Reagan, who once joked that she had planned to discuss nuclear disarmament with her husband but decided instead to clean out his sock drawer. Liddy Dole will be expected to know—and she will.

One of the oldest truths in politics is that one figure rarely can transfer support to another. Harry Truman could not do it for Adlai Stevenson; Dwight Eisenhower could not help Richard Nixon; and it remains to be seen whether Ronald Reagan's popularity can rub off on Bush. Nor is there any evidence that a candidate's wife ever captured votes for her husband.

But Dole? Is different. "It's new," acknowledged White House Pollster Richard Wirthlin the other day. Could voters be persuaded to vote for a couple? Might women, perhaps, be enticed into voting for Bob Dole in the realization that Liddy would play a unique political role? "Could be," answered Wirthlin.

The task before the Doles now is to shape this new thing in politics. It won't be easy, but it certainly will be fascinating. And if it works, the next time a reporter sits down to play with the presidential equation, he may decide that the answer is Dole to the second power.



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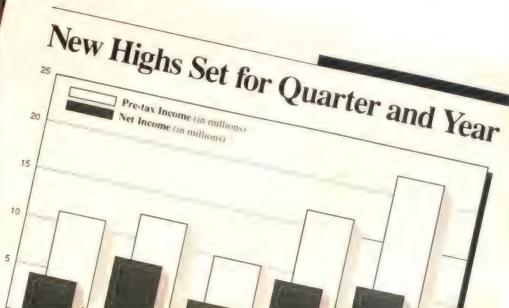
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Did a Dead Man Tell No Tales?

A furor erupts over the disclosures in a book about Bill Casey's CIA

Not since Charles Foster Kane's immortal "Rosebud" has a deathbed utterance caused such a stir. CIA Director William Casey, partly paralyzed and gravely ill following brain surgery, was in Washington's Georgetown University Hospital last winter when an unexpected visitor entered his room. It was Washington Post Reporter Bob Woodward, who had interviewed Casey off and on for four years and had somehow slipped through CIA security for one last encounter. So Woodward says in his new book, *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA, 1981-1987* (Simon & Schuster: \$21.95), relating that the interview lasted just four minutes and Casey managed only 19 words. But before drifting off to sleep, he seemed to clear up one of the chief mysteries in the Iran-contra scandal.

"You knew, didn't you?" Woodward asked, inquiring whether Casey was aware that funds from

admitted knowledge of the operation.

The controversy over Casey's deathbed interview was just one of several that swirled last week around Woodward's book. In chronicling Casey's six-year tenure as the nation's chief intelligence officer, which ended with his resignation and death earlier this year, Woodward provides new details about a cloak of covert CIA operations. Among the most startling:



Disputing a deathbed interview: the late director, above, in a photo taken three days before his hospitalization last December; Author Bob Woodward; Casey's widow Sophia

ward style, *Veil* reads as much like a novel as a work of journalism, with scenes, dialogue and characters' thoughts re-created. Woodward says he talked to more than 250 people, but his revelations are not directly attributed to specific sources. While this makes the book's credibility hard for a reader to evaluate, it does suppress any interference in what is a lively read: copies of *Veil* are selling rapidly, and Simon & Schuster has already ordered a third printing.

Many readers were thumbing directly to the last two pages, where Woodward recounts his final meeting with the ailing CIA chief. Sophia Casey insists that

Woodward "never got in to see my husband," claiming that either she or her daughter was at Casey's bedside constantly. "We had our food brought up there," she says. "There was a lavatory there. We never had to go out of the room." What's more, she says, the incapacitated Casey was unable to talk. But a knowledgeable medical source at Georgetown University Hospital says that Casey, though gravely ill, was not totally incapable of speaking. Monsignor J. Joshua Mundell, who visited Casey



the sale of arms to Iran were being diverted to the Nicaraguan contras. "His head jerked up hard," Woodward writes. "He stared, and finally nodded yes."

"Why?" Woodward asked. Casey's faint reply: "I believed."

It was the perfect ending for Woodward's dramatic spy saga. Too perfect, in the view of some. Casey's widow Sophia flatly denied that Woodward had seen her late husband in the hospital. Ronald Reagan branded Woodward's account an "awful lot of fiction." Others questioned whether, even if true, Casey's dying nod and the tantalizingly ambiguous "I believed" were enough to close the books on the CIA director's involvement in the Iran-contra affair. Though Lieut. Colonel Oliver North testified in July that Casey had embraced the diversion as the "ultimate covert operation" and many suspect he was the mastermind behind it, Casey had never publicly

Casey had arranged with Saudi Arabia to assassinate Sheik Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah, leader of the militant Lebanese Shi'ite faction known as Hizballah. The 1985 car bombing, supposedly financed by the Saudis, killed 80 people in a Beirut suburb but left Fadlallah unharmed. These and other disclosures drew a barrage of denials, as well as cries from the intelligence community that telling such provocative tales, true or false, harms U.S. spying capabilities. Woodward's account also raised fresh questions about Congress's ability to control a "rogue" CIA director bent on circumventing the law.

Controversy is nothing new for Woodward. With ex-*Post* colleague Carl Bernstein, he unraveled much of the Watergate scandal and later authored or co-authored juicy accounts of the inside workings of the Supreme Court (*The Brethren*) and the drug-related death of John Belushi (*Wired*). In familiar Woodward

about twice a week, told TIME: "He was in very bad shape. It was hard for him to form words." But not impossible: Mundell acknowledges that Casey could have spoken the words reported by Woodward "if he had wanted to."

Woodward admits that his first attempt to enter Casey's hospital room in late January was thwarted by a CIA guard. Woodward says he returned a few days later but refuses to give more details of how he got in, presumably to protect the insider who helped him. He denies that he used an alias or disguised himself as a doctor. "Why was I the only journalist who tried to visit the hospital when Casey held the key to a central question in the Iran-contra affair?" asks Woodward. "It's Journalism 101."

In his book Woodward portrays Casey as a wily and aggressive director who made the CIA his personal instrument of foreign policy. In early 1985 Woodward

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Nation

reports. Casey went "off the books" to enlist Saudi help in carrying out three covert operations. One was the attempted assassination of Sheikh Fadlallah, who had been linked to the bombings of American facilities in Beirut. After that plot failed, Woodward writes, the Saudis offered Fadlallah a \$2 million bribe to cease his terrorist attacks. He accepted, and the attacks stopped.

Woodward's account of the incident was denied last week by the Saudi press agency and by Fadlallah's office. President Reagan also denied any knowledge of the affair. "Never would I sign anything that would authorize an assassination," he said. "I never have, and I never will, and I didn't." Meanwhile, House and Senate intelligence committees reviewed their files to see if they were misled about the CIA's role in the assassination attempt.

Veil also gives a detailed account of the CIA's history of covert support for the Nicaraguan *contras* and reveals that the agency, beginning in the Carter years, gave financial aid to *La Prensa*, the opposition newspaper that was shut down for 15 months by the Sandinista government before reopening last week. Past charges by the Sandinistas that the paper was CIA-supported have been denied, and Publisher Violeta Chamorro last week labeled Woodward's revelation "totally false."

Among the book's other disclosures: Bashir Gemayel, the Christian leader assassinated after being elected President of Lebanon in 1982, had been on the CIA payroll for years; the agency monitored Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak's phone conversations during the *Achille Lauro* crisis; and Argentine officials supplied intelligence data to the CIA during the Falklands war, information that was passed along to Britain. Argentina's enemy in the conflict, Woodward relates that a suspect being interrogated for the 1983 bombing of the U.S. embassy in Lebanon died after being tortured by a CIA officer with an electroshock device. (The officer involved was later fired.) There are gossip revelations about Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi (according to CIA intelligence, he liked to wear high-heeled shoes and make-up) and piquant glimpses inside the Reagan inner circle. After Reagan was shot in 1981, Woodward says, his recovery was far slower than the White House acknowledged, and some aides "began to consider the possibility that his was going to be a crippled presidency." Even when Reagan was healthy, Woodward says, Casey



Aftermath of March 1985 bombing in Beirut allegedly instigated by Casey



The target: Hizballah Leader Sheikh Fadlallah

Going "off the books" to get Saudi help.

found the President strangely passive, lackadaisical in work habits and reluctant to make decisions.

While many of *Veil*'s revelations remain to be corroborated, a number of former CIA officials interviewed by *TIME*, including ex-CIA Chiefs William Colby and Stansfield Turner and former Deputy Chief Bobby Inman, gave the book generally good marks for accuracy in the episodes with which they were directly involved. Their major complaint is Woodward's habit of overdramatizing and embellishing quotes. Says Inman, "Everything's just a couple of degrees more colorful than it really was."

A more serious objection from many in the intelligence community is that Woodward's expose has divulged classified information that will damage U.S. spying efforts. The book, for example, includes a detailed explanation of Ivy Bells, an eavesdropping operation aimed at Soviet underwater cables, betrayed to Moscow by Spy Ronald Pelton—details that the *Post* refrained from printing last year

in response to pleas from Casey that it would harm national security. Woodward insists he carefully weighed security considerations and excised any information that might damage ongoing operations. Still, ex-CIA Director Richard Helms charged that such disclosures harm the agency's credibility with potential sources and will "play havoc with our recruiting." Senior intelligence officials are so distressed that they are considering prosecuting Woodward under statutes that make it illegal to publish secret communication techniques or information.

Some journalists had just the opposite complaint. Why, they wondered, did Woodward (who has written some 75 stories about the CIA and related topics for the *Post* since January 1986) not go to press immediately with several of his revelations, especially Casey's deathbed interview? "If you allow your reporter to keep the best nuggets for a book, I don't think you as an editor are doing your job," says Dennis Britton, deputy managing editor of the *Los Angeles Times*.

Post editors say they knew about the deathbed interview but decided not to run it because it was too "ambiguous." The *Post* did print a Woodward story in 1985 on CIA involvement in the Fadlallah assassination attempt. But it made no mention of the role of Casey and the Saudis, information that Woodward says he learned only last July. In any event, *Post* editors contend that the paper benefited greatly from Woodward's dual role. "It isn't enough that the Washington *Post*, thanks to Bob Woodward, got all these stories first," said Executive Editor Benjamin C. Bradlee. "It's that we didn't get them to fit some schedule that the critics think was more appropriate."

Some Casey intimates contest Woodward's claim that the reporter had "more than four dozen interviews or substantive discussions" with Casey, who was notoriously distrustful of the press. "I know of all the meetings," says George Lauder, director of public affairs under Casey. "The only way you can reach that number is add all the cocktail chatter and parties." Yet CIA sources believe at least some sensitive details had to have come from Casey. In Woodward's opinion, Casey talked to him as a defensive measure, to learn exactly how much he knew about CIA operations. Thus *Veil* offers a final posthumous irony: Bill Casey, who complained so frequently about Government leaks, may have been the most skilled leaker in Washington. After all, who will ever be able to prove or disprove what the late director may have told Bob Woodward? —By Richard Zoglin. Reported by Jay Peterzell and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

**BOB
WOODWARD**

VEIL:
The Secret
Wars of the
CIA 1981-1987

WHERE TO GET A LITTLE RESPECT, CONCERN AND UNDERSTANDING IN THIS COUNTRY.

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**1ST NATIONWIDE
NETWORK**





A narrow cloud of dust follows the fault line near Whittier where underground pressure cracked the earth's surface

1992—GAMMA-LIAISON

A Ten-Second Wake-Up Call

It wasn't the big one, but a 6.1 quake stirs fear in California

The initial jolt lasted only ten seconds, but that was enough time for the scary question to race through the minds of millions of Californians last week: Is this the big one, the monster quake along the San Andreas Fault that geologists consider inevitable? As it turned out, the earthquake was centered between Whittier and Pasadena, 30 miles from the San Andreas Fault, and it destroyed more nerves than it did buildings. Nonetheless, the shock reminded area residents just how quickly the big quake could come. Warned a California disaster-planning official: "This was a little wake-up call."

The quake measured 6.1 on the Richter scale, a small shock compared with the 8.1 horror that hit Mexico City in 1985 and the 1906 San Francisco catastrophe that carried a Richter punch later estimated at 8.3. Still, last week's temblor was the most potent in Southern California since 1971, when the San Fernando Valley rumbled under a 6.6 assault and 64 people died. Last week's quake left more than 100 injured and six dead, including

an electrical repairman buried in an underground tunnel, a college student struck by falling concrete in a campus garage, and three people who died of heart attacks brought on by the shock.

The quake struck at 7:42 a.m., shattering windows, snapping power lines, breaking gas mains and igniting fires. Worst hit was Whittier (pop. 72,000), twelve miles from downtown Los Angeles and the community closest to the epicenter. Eight blocks in Whittier's business district were closed after bricks cascaded on cars, and at least eight buildings were too damaged to be saved.

Modest though it was, the quake strained civil-defense systems and showed that Southern California is far from ready to cope with the dreaded big one. However, the jolt seemed likely to create a new eagerness to prepare. "You can have drills and drills, but it's not reality to people," observed one emergency official. Last week the quake realities became frighteningly clear to millions in the Los Angeles basin.

—By Ed Magnusson



A badly battered Pasadena home



The remains of Ward's Garage in Pasadena



Part of Whittier's business section



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American Notes



Arizona: Mecham accepts a hat and tie from visiting veterans last week



Protests: blocking the path of San Francisco's cable cars

NUCLEAR WEAPONS

Too Close For Comfort

The Soviet Union occasionally uses the waters of the northern Pacific as a proving ground for its arsenal of missiles. But when the Soviets test-fired two long-range missiles last week, the U.S. had cause for concern over their targets: two patches of water near Hawaii.

The Soviets tested a pair of modified SS-18s tipped with dummy warheads; one missile landed 600 miles northwest of Hawaii, while another, aimed 360 miles southwest of the islands, apparently misfired. The Pentagon claimed the firings were the closest Soviet missiles had come to American soil. Said Senator Malcolm Wallop, Republican of Wyoming: "The Soviets were practicing an attack on America." The Pentagon later acknowledged that a Soviet naval vessel aimed a laser beam at two American surveillance aircraft in the area, apparently to disrupt U.S. monitoring efforts. One pilot reportedly suffered temporary eye damage.

LITERATURE

Gumshoe Lit Crit

J. Edgar Hoover liked his FBI agents to have degrees in law, accounting or both, but it now

turns out that the bureau could have used some Ph.D.s in English. Both *The New Yorker* and *The Nation* magazines last week documented nearly half a century of FBI surveillance of more than 100 prominent American writers, including six Nobel laureates (Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Eugene O'Neill and John Steinbeck). The gumshoe lit crit was sometimes comically inept. FBI files, for example, described the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay as possibly subversive because she used the "analogy of the mole boring under the garden."

Only a few of the shadowed authors were aware of the surveillance. "Do you suppose you could ask Edgar's boys to stop stepping on my heels?" wrote John Steinbeck to Attorney General Francis Biddle in 1942. "It's getting tiresome."

ARIZONA

Return to Sender

The letter, printed on stationery from the office of Arizona Governor Evan Mecham, could not have been more plaintive. Unless donors sent him \$1.2 million within 45 days, Mecham wrote, he might be kicked out of office. Mailed to 25,000 conservatives across the country, the letter invited recipients to move to Arizona

and help Mecham avoid "being crushed by the millions of dollars the militant liberals and the homosexual lobby plan to spend against me."

Mecham, a right-wing Republican elected last year, does face the prospect of losing his job. Some 227,000 Arizonans have already signed petitions for a recall election, 10,000 more than required to put the issue on ballots. But when the letter backfired, leading to more recall signatures, Mecham claimed he had never seen it; a machine had been used to sign his name. Bill Long, chairman of Mecham's campaign finance committee, dismissed the ruckus, noting that the words were just "standard conservative rhetoric."

PROTESTS

Wheelchair Warriors

The whir of wheelchair motors and chants of "We want access" filled the air last week, as some 200 disabled demonstrators from across the U.S. picketed the annual convention of the American Public Transit Association in San Francisco. The protesters blame association members for engineering the repeal of a 1979 federal mandate that required wheelchair lifts on all new buses and rail systems as well as the phased modification of existing systems.

On Powell Street some protesters chained their wheelchairs to the city's century-old cable cars. Others crawled or rolled onto the tracks, shutting down the system for two hours. Many of the 134 arrested protesters were carted off in lift-equipped buses and vans.

AIR FORCE

"We're Going Down"

The B-1B bomber is designed to deliver its deadly cargo at low altitude, following the contours of the ground to avoid being detected by radar. But last week the controversial plane proved vulnerable to a natural enemy when a B-1B crashed after running into a flock of birds.

The plane was on a simulated bombing run at the Air Force's training range near La Junta, Colo., when the pilot reported that a "bird ingestion" had caused fires in two of the craft's engines. The plane immediately climbed to 15,500 ft., presumably to give the crew time to jump, before crashing. The pilot's final, terse transmission: "We're going down." Three of the six crewmen were able to parachute to safety.

Though the B-1B's engines are designed to withstand most "bird strikes," investigators suspect that large Canada geese may have caused the fatal fire.



An often violent clash of values and beliefs: club-wielding Jerusalem police arrest *haredim* demonstrators during a protest against the showing of Friday-

World

ISRAEL

A House Divided

Ultra-Orthodox militants step up their fight to impose religious law

A new battle is raging in the Middle East. It is not the usual Arab-Jewish conflict but instead a Jew-against-Jew struggle to determine the character of Jerusalem—and by extension, the very nature of the state of Israel. On one side, wearing beards, side curls, long black coats and fur-rimmed hats, are the ultra-Orthodox militants, who want all Israelis to live according to the strict dictates of the *halakhah*, or religious law. On the other side, constituting the vast majority of the country's 4.3 million citizens, are the secular Jews, who believe Israel should be a modern democracy based on the principles of individual rights, tolerance and pluralism.

In fields ranging from entertainment and sports to education and public transportation, ultra-Orthodox militants, who make up only about 6% of the country's

population, are fighting to impose their religious views on the majority. In the face of that onslaught, many non-Orthodox Israelis have responded with anger and resentment. Warns Uriel Reichman, dean of Tel Aviv University law school: "These things only create hatred of religion. For the vast majority of Israelis, their delight in Jewish tradition is being taken away."

The roots of the struggle go back to well before Israel's birth as a modern state in 1948. Many Orthodox Jews opposed the Zionist movement, which, starting in the late 19th century, called for a return to Palestine. For them, there could be no Israeli state until the appearance of the Messiah. In order to overcome such objections to nationhood, David Ben-Gurion, the country's political founder, shaped an agreement with Jewish religious leaders in 1947 that attempted to define the role

of religion in Israeli life. That declaration, known as the "status quo," made several key concessions to religious authorities. Among them was a pledge that the traditional Friday-evening-to-Saturday-evening Jewish Sabbath would be Israel's official day of rest. Ever since then, Israelis have been quarreling over the practical implications of the status quo. With the same single-minded tenacity that infuses their Talmudic studies, the religious militants are seeking to transform the agreement's loose principles into a legal web of pro-Orthodox statutes.

The ultra-Orthodox are the strictest observers of Orthodox Judaism, which along with the Conservative and Reform branches is one of the three major Jewish congregations. Known in Hebrew as the *haredim* (the trembling, or God-fearing, ones), the ultra-Orthodox believe all Jews



night films in Judaism's holiest city

Much of the battle has centered on Jerusalem (pop. 475,000), where 25% to 30% of Jews are ultra-Orthodox. That proportion is growing steadily: not only do their families have a birthrate almost four times as high as secular ones, but their ranks are constantly reinforced by the arrival of like-minded immigrants. Increasing numerical strength has stiffened their determination to preserve what they consider the "special character" of Judaism's holiest city.

Nothing better illustrates that resolve than this summer's so-called war on the cinemas. Although city law prohibits the showing of movies on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, it does permit some "cultural" activities. Under that guise, two Jerusalem movie houses three months ago began showing films on Friday evenings preceded by lectures that ostensibly qualified them as cultural events. The ultra-Orthodox were outraged. On Friday nights bearded *haredim* in black coats angrily confronted moviegoers. On Saturdays the ultras took to the streets in protest, often accompanied by their wives and children. Verbal abuse quickly escalated into fistfights and bloodshed, and police had to break up the weekly clashes with truncheons, tear gas and water cannons. As more movie houses began featuring Friday night films, such as *Psycho* and *Body Heat*, secular Jerusalemites flocked to the showings, and the ultras responded with more demonstrations. After almost twelve weeks of swelling protest, the *haredim* suddenly switched tactics: black-garbed men in white prayer shawls gathered at 30 Jerusalem intersections to pray for an end to the Sabbath movies. The struggle waned during the High Holy Days, but it is expected to be renewed in coming weeks.

The ultras' tactics have caused increasing resentment among the secular population. A recent editorial in the Hebrew language daily *Ha'aretz* accused the ultras of claiming "a monopoly over the religion of Moses and Israel" and called on civil authorities to "ensure that Jerusalem be able to remain the capital of Israel for all Jews." The official most responsible for doing that, Mayor Teddy Kollek, has for almost 22 years tried to balance the demands of his secular and Orthodox constituents. While claiming to have "done a lot to let [the ultras] live in their own way," he denies charges that he has made too many concessions to them. Warns Kollek: "If the religious win, they will turn Judaism into a narrow sect."

Possibly the biggest battle of all is shaping up over

the definition of who is a Jew. The issue is vital because Jews throughout the world have an automatic right to become Israeli citizens under the Law of Return. While children born of Jewish mothers are automatically Jewish, the ultras argue that converts to Judaism should not be considered Jews unless they were converted according to the *halakha*—effectively excluding those proselytized by Reform or Conservative rabbis.

The question shot to the forefront of national political debate this summer, when Shimon Peres, the Foreign Minister and Labor Party leader, sought early elections over the unrelated issue of an international peace conference on the Middle East. The ultra-Orthodox Shas Party, which has only four Knesset seats, seized the occasion to seek a major concession. In return for supporting Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's opposition to new elections, Shas demanded that Shamir's Likud bloc back the Orthodox definition of who is a Jew. Shamir tried to ram through a vote to that effect in July, but a handful of Likud members defected and the measure was narrowly defeated. The *haredim*, however, are likely to continue pressing the issue until they win. If the ultras' position were to prevail, it would provoke widespread anger among U.S. Jews, most of whom belong to Conservative or Reform congregations.

Ultimately, of course, the Israelis themselves will have to resolve the dilemmas rooted in the nation's dual political and religious identity. One mechanism for doing this, suggests Tel Aviv University's Reichman, would be to replace the vague 1947 status quo with a written constitution, which Israel still lacks. Reichman, in fact, heads an independent university group that has drafted a model constitution based on the twin principles of free choice and protection for Israel's Jewish character.

Says Reichman: "It is out of the question that individual freedom should be transgressed."

Given the fragmented nature of Israeli politics and the pivotal role of the four religious parties, it is highly unlikely that such a document could be enacted anytime soon. An alternative step might be a reform of the electoral system to allow for more stable parliamentary majorities and reduce the power of marginal parties. Labor politicians are urging such changes, though chances are that Israel will continue to muddle along with its current system. Yet some durable solution must be found if Israel, surrounded as it is by hostile powers, is not to become a house fatally divided against itself.

—By Thomas A. Sancton,
Reported by Johanna McGeary/
Jerusalem



Enforcing an age-old code

must live according to the teachings of the Torah and the Talmud, as distilled in the 613 commandments that make up the *halakha*. Many commandments concern observance of the Sabbath, which Jewish scholars have traditionally interpreted as prohibiting almost any activity on the holy day. To accommodate those beliefs, Israeli municipal governments have passed numerous Sabbath-keeping ordinances. In Jerusalem, for example, there is no public transportation on that day. All restaurants, except those in Arab East Jerusalem, are closed, and most forms of public entertainment are banned.

On the national level, the Orthodox community plays an important role in Israeli politics through the religious parties, which control a total of twelve seats in the 120-member Knesset. Despite their small numbers, these marginal parties wield a disproportionate share of power. The reason: neither of the country's two main political blocs, Labor and Likud, can command a majority without the swing votes of the smaller groups. The religious parties extracted major political concessions following the 1977 victory of Menachem Begin's conservative Likud bloc, which pumped millions into their religious schools, forbade the state airline El Al to fly on the Sabbath and restricted archaeological excavations wherever they might disturb Jewish graves. Since 1984 the precarious balance of power within the national-unity government has given the religious parties even greater leverage.

SOUTH KOREA

Kim Out, Kim Out, Whoever You Are

Sharing a surname, three candidates challenge Chun's successor

In a perfect world, only one Kim would run for President of South Korea. But perfection is rarely encountered in politics, and last week the one-Kim ideal exploded into a troika of Kims united only by their common surname and their desire to become the country's chief executive in the December election.

Colliding ambitions sent Kim Dae Jung, 63, and Kim Young Sam, 59, the leading lights of the opposition Reunification Democratic Party, ricocheting into their own orbits. Despite earlier promises that one would bow out of the race in favor of the other, negotiations between the rival factions collapsed at a 90-minute breakfast meeting at Seoul's Diplomatic Club. Said Kim Dae Jung: "It became evident that we could not reach an agreement on a single candidate." While party mediators scrambled to bring the Kims together again, both men seemed bent on pursuing their own paths. Unless one gives way, they will divide the opposition vote against Roh Tae Woo, head of the ruling Democratic Justice Party and the designated successor of South Korea's autocratic President, Chun Doo Hwan.

The day before the unsuccessful Diplomatic Club meeting, a third Kim had launched his campaign against Roh. To a poster-waving crowd of 3,000 supporters at a hotel in downtown Seoul, former Prime Minister Kim Jong Pil, 61, indicated that he too would seek the presidency, as the nominee of a party he would form later this month. A chief architect of the 1961 coup that brought Park Chung Hee to power, Kim Jong Pil is generally credited with forging economic policies that helped make Park's 18-year regime the crucible of a remarkable burst of development. The ex-Prime Minister said he was running in order to "take the judgment of the electorate" on the Park years. A former brigadier general, Kim Jong Pil is expected to attract a number of dissatisfied conservatives away from Roh.

It was not the first time that this trio of contentious Kims had faced off in the political arena. The three vied for the presidency in

1980, during the flowering of political freedom that followed Park's assassination in 1979. But as that campaign heated up and demonstrations against the army grew more violent, Chun, who had seized military power after Park's death, suspended the civil rights of all three Kims and persuaded the electoral college to name him President instead. Some observers now fear that the emerging confusion of a four-way contest may tempt the military to step in once again to restore political order.

Worries about the military played a major part in last week's aborted negotiations between Kim Young Sam and Kim Dae Jung. Kim Young Sam, who shares the centrist policies of his rival, hinted that elements of the army were wary of the charismatic Kim Dae Jung. Kim Young Sam argued that he was the oppo-

sition's best bet to avoid friction with the military and therefore preserve democracy. But Kim Dae Jung spun that argument around. "On a couple of occasions," he said, "Mr. Kim Young Sam said that he would like to give up his candidacy in favor of mine but that he couldn't because some military men oppose me. Because of this very argument, I think I should run and put an end to military rule."

As party president, Kim Young Sam would probably win the nomination if it came to a rank-and-file vote. But Kim Dae Jung could then fracture the movement by running as an independent. As their two Kims selfishly slugged it out, party officials were concerned that popular support for the opposition group would evaporate. At week's end 30,000 opposition supporters gathered at Seoul's Yonsei University to urge the two politicians to unite behind a single candidacy.

Roh clearly took comfort in the evolving Kim Dae Jung-Kim Young Sam split, even though he was anxious about the inroads that Kim Jong Pil's candidacy might make among his own supporters. In

the past few weeks Roh has been festooning himself with the banners and slogans of democracy. A former army general, Roh has met with Kim Young Sam, and last month guided his party toward a compromise with the opposition that fixed the rules for the election. Last week he directed his Democratic Justice Party to protest government censorship of two magazines that had carried pieces on the 1973 abduction of Kim Dae Jung by South Korean intelligence agents.

Roh's attempts to distance himself from his unpopular military sponsors seem to have paid off. One poll put Roh in third place, after Stephen Cardinal Kim and Kim Dae Jung, on the list of people most respected by South Koreans. Indeed, Roh's identification with democratization is his chief strength over Kim Jong Pil, who has been criticized for "coming uninvited to a dinner table so painstakingly prepared by others." Still, the ruling party remains cautious. "You never know," said one Democratic Justice official. "We still have some months to go before the election." Given the dramatic political turns that have already taken place this year, the time is enough for new surprises.

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.
Reported by K.C. Hwang/Seoul



Colliding ambitions: Kim Dae Jung and Kim Young Sam, top; Kim Jong Pil
Not the first time the trio slugged it out in the political arena.

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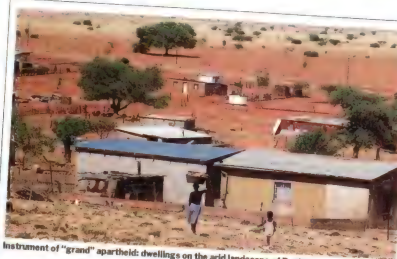
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Instrument of "grand" apartheid: dwellings on the arid landscape of Bophuthatswana

SOUTH AFRICA

The High Cost of Non-Nationhood

Pretoria's artificial homelands are an expensive fiasco

The Prime Minister was out of the country for "medical reasons" that most of his countrymen believed were also largely political. Eight Cabinet ministers were reported to have resigned amid allegations of rampant corruption and to be held under house arrest. The acting Prime Minister ordered the army on alert, and roadblocks went up around the capital.

An unfolding coup d'état? Well, possibly. But the turmoil that gripped the "republic" of Transkei last week was also the most recent setback suffered by South Africa in its 28-year attempt to ghettoize the country's black majority into a series of ten independent Bantustans, or homelands, legally separate from white South Africa. Conceived by the late Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd as an instrument of "grand" apartheid, his plan to engineer the total separation of the races, the homelands policy is now regarded even by the government as a practical impossibility because of South Africa's dependence on a black work force. But the legacy of the plan, in the form of four artificial black "states" set up by Pretoria between 1976 and 1981 and six homelands still considered part of the parent country, is making a disconcerting and costly toll on white South Africa.

The nominally independent homelands—Transkei, Venda, Bophuthatswana and Ciskei—are collectively known in South Africa as the TVBC states. Their sovereignty is recognized by no one apart from South Africa and other homeland states. That limited diplomatic visibility, however, has not prevented some of them from succumbing to banana-republic political and financial excesses on a world-class scale—including the imposition of one-party rule, nepotism, official corruption and wildly extravagant spending.

Transkei, the oldest of the indepen-

dent homelands, is a case in point. Its first Prime Minister, Kaiser Matanzima, now 72, quickly established an authoritarian presence and installed his younger brother George as his successor when he became President in 1979. Together the Matanzimas managed to acquire large amounts of state land to add to their already substantial farming interests. More recently, however, the brothers had a falling out. The rift was exacerbated when Kaiser, now semiretired, feared that George, 68, was about to be unseated as a result of corruption charges. Two weeks ago, while George was recuperating from an unspecified illness in Port Elizabeth, Kaiser announced the formation of a new party in opposition to George's ruling National Independence Party.

The Matanzima dynasty has long been an embarrassment to South Africa, and not just because of its alleged corrup-

tion. When Pretoria rebuffed his claim to South African territory bordering on Transkei, Kaiser briefly committed the diplomatic farce of breaking off "relations" with the government that had granted Transkei its dubious independence. Last February Transkei-trained commandos were accused by authorities in Ciskei of attempting to assassinate their President, Lennox Sebe. The incident led to a virtual state of war between Pretoria's two pseudostate offspring.

Many South Africans would be amused by such posturing if it were not largely paid for with their taxes, which are by far the largest source of revenue for all the impoverished territories. The country spends nearly \$1 billion a year on the four states, and a similar amount on the six nonindependent homelands. Taxpayers understandably grumble at displays of ostentation like the \$60,000 bulletproof BMW sedan of Venda's President-for-Life Patrick Mphahlele and his palatial residence, located not far from the mud-thatched huts of his poverty-ridden citizens. Editorialized the Johannesburg *Sunday Star* last week: "If the TVBC 'national states' and the six nonindependent homelands are a joke, they are a very costly joke."

The homeland experiments have not been complete failures. Economically, all four of the spun-off states are better off now than before their "independence," some dramatically so. Bophuthatswana, for example, has a booming mining sector that produces 30% of the world's platinum. All the homelands have profited from the blossoming of gambling casinos and nightclubs that offer Las Vegas-style topless entertainment, both of which are illegal in Calvinist South Africa. The best-known such playground, Bophuthatswana's Sun City, has attracted such headlines as Frank Sinatra and Elton John. Says Rodney Smith, chief director of development cooperation in the South African Department of Foreign Affairs: "Independence has been the spur to a substantial upswing in self-development. In fact, the TVBC countries work."

But Pretoria has evidently decided that they do not work well enough. Last month the government established a series of committees that will in effect control public spending in the TVBC states, thus further underlining the fiction of independence. Furthermore, South Africa's State President P.W. Botha has voiced reservations about the independence plans of KwaNdebele, a patchwork of black settlements northeast of Pretoria. Its chief minister, Majosi Mahlangu, claims a "mandate" for statehood based on a 1984 election in which only 1% of eligible voters participated. Mahlangu's move may prove too much even for Botha. But Pretoria's refusal to grant KwaNdebele its titular independence would not only prevent the creation of a fifth expensive nonentity, but also reveal the political bankruptcy of the other four.

—By William R. Doerner.
Reported by Peter Haverthorn/Johannesburg



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World

TUNISIA

Punishing the Pious

A major trial of fundamentalists ends with lenient sentences

The defendants, all Islamic fundamentalists, stood as still as wax figures in the Tunis courtroom while Judge Hachemi Zammel forcefully read out each verdict and sentence. Their trademark beards had been shaved off when they were jailed in a series of roundups earlier this year, but their piety remained intact. When the judge completed his task, the prisoners broke into refrains of "Allahu Akbar" (God is great). Seven were sentenced to death, 69 to jail terms, and 14 were acquitted. Thirty-seven of the accused, including five of those marked for execution, were still in hiding and were tried in absentia.

The sentences seemed stiff by Western standards. But in Tunisia there was general relief at the court's relative leniency. The prosecutor had asked for the death penalty for all 90 defendants, which would have provided the fundamentalists with a large crop of martyrs and further energized their attacks on the government. The militants were charged with trying to overthrow the secular, pro-Western regime of President Habib Bourguiba and install an Iranian-style Islamic republic. Some of the seven sentenced to hang were implicated in the August bombings of four tourist hotels, in which twelve foreigners were hurt.

"The irreparable has been avoided," said Ahmed Mestiri, an opposition leader and former Defense Minister. "The execution of the leaders of the Islamic movement would have created a very grave sit-



Absolute ruler: Bourguiba addressing his party

Using foreign plots to justify repression.

uation." Tunisian moderates were especially relieved that the court had spared the life of Rachid Ghannouchi, 47, head of the Islamic Tendency Movement, the group that has spearheaded fundamentalist agitation. He was instead sentenced to "forced labor in perpetuity."

The trial was the latest episode in a long-running battle between the fundamentalists and the government, which this year launched a major crackdown against the militants. Since last spring, authorities have arrested more than 2,000 fundamen-

talists, who are suspected of being part of a plot by Iran to spread its revolution. Bourguiba cut off relations with Tehran last March after six Tunisians were arrested in Paris and charged with being part of an

Iranian-run terrorist organization. Islamic Jihad, the pro-Iran terrorist group that is based in Beirut, claimed responsibility for the August hotel bombings in Tunisia. After last week's verdicts, Islamic Jihad declared that it would kill top Tunisian officials if any of the death sentences were carried out. The group indicated its bona fides by releasing to a Western news agency a photo of longtime American Hostage Terry Anderson.

But critics say that Bourguiba, 84, who has ruled the small North African nation (pop. 7.6 million) since it gained independence from France in 1956, regularly conjures up foreign plots in order to justify suppression of dissent. Despite his age and frail health, Bourguiba's hold on power is virtually absolute: The Destourian Socialist Party holds every seat in parliament, most opposition newspapers have been shut down, and competing political parties are restricted.

Last week Bourguiba ensured that the pressure on dissenters will continue when he abruptly sacked his Prime Minister and replaced him with Interior Minister Zine al Abidine ben Ali, who has led the crackdown on the fundamentalists. "You will not see any steps toward greater pluralism now," commented one worried Western diplomat. Indeed, Bourguiba has knocked out his opposition so effectively that many fear there is now no credible successor, and that when he dies the radical fundamentalists will leap to fill the political void. —By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by Scott MacLeod/Tunis

THE GULF

Message to Iran

No more business as usual

"It's absurd. It's ridiculous. It's hard to believe." With those words, Senator Robert Dole of Kansas last week voiced his indignation over the news that the U.S. imported some \$700 million in Iranian oil during the summer. In response, the minority leader sponsored a bill to ban all imports from Iran, which passed the Senate the next day, 98 to 0. Said Dole: "It's time to end this absurdity."

In fact, the Senate resolution is unlikely to do that, since it is attached to a defense-appropriations bill President Reagan has promised to veto because it places restrictions on his Strategic Defense Initiative. The bill, nonetheless, serves as a message to Ayatollah Khomeini: the U.S. is no longer willing to conduct business as usual. Ironically, there

had been few restrictions on trade with Iran since the resolution of the 1979-81 hostage crisis, largely because of the Reagan Administration's feeling that such embargoes are not effective.

Meanwhile, Iranian officials continued to vow retribution for the U.S. attack on the ship *Iran Ajr*, whose crew was caught laying mines in Persian Gulf waters two weeks ago. Declared Parliament Speaker Hashemi Rafsanjani: "It is sweeter for us to have a direct confrontation with the U.S. because we would be fighting with the root cause of the war." In the Gulf, however, Iran avoided any confrontation with U.S. warships as the tanker war raged anew.

Rafsanjani's political position was reinforced last week, when Mehdi Hashemi was executed. Although Hashemi was accused of kidnaping, murder and



Ayatollah Khomeini

plotting against the regime, his role in exposing attempts by Rafsanjani to buy arms from the U.S. in exchange for hostages helped seal his fate. After Hashemi's arrest, his supporters leaked details of Rafsanjani's deals with the U.S. to the Beirut magazine *ash-Shiraa*, thereby precipitating the Iran-*contra* scandal in the U.S.

At the United Nations, Iraq agreed to a proposal by Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar that a cease-fire and an inquiry into the responsibility for the war begin simultaneously. Iran has insisted that Iraq be branded the aggressor before it will agree to a U.N. resolution to end hostilities. There is no guarantee of the outcome of such an inquiry, even though Iraq's 1980 invasion of Iran triggered the war. In the event that the probe failed to blame Iraq, Iran would almost certainly reject it and continue the fight.



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NORTHERN IRELAND

A Different Kind of Terror

Extremists on both sides now use extortion to fund their war

Exortion, protection rackets and tax fraud are the stuff of daily life. There are threats and occasionally even executions. It sounds like Al Capone's Chicago or Mafia-dominated Sicily in the days of gangland wars. But instead, all those evils are flourishing in today's Northern Ireland in neighborhoods controlled by extremists. Says Brian Feeney, a Belfast city councilor: "This is real godfather stuff. Everybody pays. If you don't, they threaten to harm your family or workers."

For Belfast the nightmare began in the late 1960s, when the long political conflict involving pro-British Protestants and Catholic nationalists turned violent. The gun battles and bombings of the 1970s reduced whole blocks to rubble, and some neighborhoods became deadly "no-go" zones, where even Ulster police and British troops feared to enter. When at last the violence began to subside in 1982, Britain backed a major face-lift for the blighted city. Crumbling old slums and bomb sites were rebuilt as part of a \$1.4 billion housing program for low-income districts.

Now authorities have discovered that the same terrorist gangs that turned Belfast into a sectarian battleground have siphoned off millions of dollars from the reconstruction to finance their continuing war. As money for new construction pours into Belfast, paramilitary forces on both sides demand a cut of the profits. This Ulster Mafia exacts its levies from local businesses, and if people do not pay up, a bomb or a shot in the night may follow.

On the Catholic side, factions of the Irish Republican Army and its offshoot the Irish National Liberation Army are leading the crime wave. Accused of taking in the money for the Protestants are members of the Ulster Defense Association and the Ulster Volunteer Force. In the interest of maximizing profits, warring Catholic and Protestant groups that cannot agree on much else have tacitly decided not to encroach on each other's territory. The I.R.A. and I.N.L.A. have the Catholic neighborhoods of West Belfast to themselves, while the neighboring Shankill district and East Belfast are Protestant territory.

With more than 11,000 new and renovated homes, the amount of money skimmed off by the extremists is thought to add up to millions of dollars. "Wherever the terrorists have influence, you can be absolutely certain that builders or their workers are having to make a deal," says a senior police official. For a share of the contract price, the builder is guaranteed "security" for his project. If he fails to pay, his equipment may be damaged, his workers scared off the work site or his

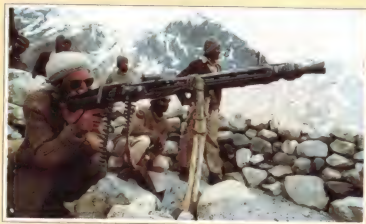
family threatened. Some of the more innovative extremist groups have founded legitimate security firms for the builders to hire.

To date, 130 people have faced charges in connection with tax frauds involving some \$80 million in unpaid taxes. In one case, three men were convicted earlier this year in an elaborate scheme involving a bogus construction company and tax-exemption frauds. They handed

the \$320,000 the company collected over to the I.N.L.A. The judge in the case, Michael Nicholson, called the swindles "one of the most important sources of cash for terrorists."

The authorities claim that although some extremists are pocketing such funds, most of the money goes to sustain a continuing, if reduced, campaign of violence and to support the families of the 1,100 extremists held in Northern Ireland jails. Since so much income is produced by extortion and racketeering, the I.R.A. no longer has to depend as heavily on money collected from Irish Americans in the U.S. to finance its terror. —By Michael S. Serrill.

Reported by Edmund Curran/Belfast



Lost horizons: a Pakistani soldier mans a machine gun in the Siachen Glacier region

Blood and Ice at 20,000 Ft.

The Siachen Glacier is a desolate slab of ice deep in the Karakoram mountain range of northern Kashmir. For three nights late last month, it was the scene of the bloodiest fighting between India and Pakistan since 1971, the last time the two neighbors went to war. In a statement last week, the Indian Defense Ministry confirmed that a "major battle" had taken place on the contested glacier after as many as 1,200 Pakistani troops, backed by artillery and rockets, attacked Indian positions. The Indians claim to have held their ground, losing 20 men and killing about 80 Pakistanis. Said an Indian official: "This was Pakistan's attempt to take some real estate before winter sets in."

The 50-mile-long glacier could not be a more unlikely battlefield. Located at altitudes of 18,000 ft. to 20,000 ft., the area is so inhospitable that when Kashmir was split between India and Pakistan following the war in 1971, peace negotiators did not bother to draw the line through it. Patrols from the two countries skirmished on Siachen in 1982. Since then, Islamabad and New Delhi have decided that vital strategic interests, particularly the control of mountain passes bordering the glacier, are at stake. Today a total of 10,000 Indian and Pakistani troops occupy bases in the area. The high altitude makes it especially hazardous duty for soldiers. Indian officials say as many as 500 Indian troops on the glacier die each year from altitude sickness or in accidents.

Islamabad had no comment about the recent battle until the Indian announcement. Then Rana Naazim Mahmood, Pakistan's Minister of State for Defense, told Parliament that "in consequence of aggressive measures by Indian troops in the Siachen area, serious clashes took place." Indian figures for Pakistani dead were "highly exaggerated," he claimed. Indian and Pakistani officials said last week that a cease-fire seems to be holding. But with winter coming, that may be more a matter of necessity than goodwill.

World Notes



Britain: Kinnock at Labor Party conference

BRITAIN

Champagne Socialism?

Can Britain's Labor Party reverse its decline? That was the question at the heart of the opposition party's five-day annual conference in Brighton last week. The answer: not easily.

Under a banner that read MOVING AHEAD, party leaders and 1,400 mostly dispirited delegates agreed to a formal reappraisal of Labor's direction, following three straight electoral losses to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives. With an eye toward broadening party appeal, Labor promised to reassess even such sacred party tenets as state ownership of industry and unilateral nuclear disarmament, which Deputy Party Leader Roy Hattersley called the "major vote loser" in the past election. Party Leader Neil Kinnock said, "We have got to appeal to the voters we need."

The planned review brought a lash of criticism from left-wing delegates. "Champagne Socialism," they called the new thrust, grumbling that the party was abandoning its traditions to court the growing middle-class voters. Said Leftist stalwart Tony Benn: "The part at the top is in a panic-stricken rout and is prepared to say almost anything in an attempt to pick up votes."

Kinnock denied that La-

bor would "jettison our commitments" or that the party was "retreating or pandering to yuppies." Instead, he argued that the new tilt was a concession to "social realities." When a worker earns \$600 a week, owns his own house, car and a vacation retreat in Spain, the party leader declared, "you do not say, 'Let me take you out of your misery, brother.'"

NICARAGUA

Getting Back in Circulation

With a jubilant banner headline, THE PEOPLE TRIUMPH, Nicaragua's sole opposition newspaper returned to the streets last week after a 15-month shutdown by the Sandinista government. More than 200,000 copies of the twelve-page edition of *La Prensa* were snapped up by Nicaraguans eager for uncensored news.

The paper was closed the day after Congress voted \$100 million in U.S. aid to the *contra* rebels fighting to topple the Nicaraguan government. *La Prensa's* revival is one of the most dramatic in a series of goodwill gestures by the Sandinistas to demonstrate their commitment to a regional peace plan signed in Guatemala City two months ago.

At *La Prensa*, optimism was mixed with skepticism. "Today, *La Prensa* returns to you," read a message from

Publisher Violeta Chamorro. "We have faith it will be for a long time." The paper vowed that it would close rather than submit to censorship.

INDIA

The Bite of the Turtle

Snaking down from a Himalayan ice cave to the Bay of Bengal, the 1,560-mile-long river is called Ganga Ma (Mother Ganges), the holiest of all Hindu streams. Every pious Hindu wishes to be cremated on the Ganges' banks and to bequeath his ashes to her waters.

But piety has led to pollution. Not every family can afford enough firewood for a complete cremation, so thousands of half-charred corpses are dumped into the river each year. "When these bodies decompose," says D. Chakrabarti of the Central Ganges Authority, "they pollute the water to a dangerous level."

The solution: carnivorous softshell turtles. To cleanse the holy river, the state government of Uttar Pradesh is raising hundreds of the reptiles. In mid-1988 they will be released into a twelve-mile stretch of the Ganges. There they are expected to feed on the dead.

Numerous in the area until man destroyed their nesting sites, the turtles will help reestablish the ecological cycle. Officials say the creatures pose no danger to live users of the

Ganges, though the project is not without risks. "Poaching will be our biggest problem," says Rajendra Prakash Sharma, chief wildlife warden of Uttar Pradesh. "Turtle meat is considered a delicacy."



India: Funeral pyres smolder as a corpse is lowered into the sacred Ganges

FIJI

Coup Plus Coup Makes Three

Colonel Sitiveni Rabuka is the most indecisive of strongmen. In May he overthrew Fiji's Prime Minister Timoci Bavadra, but quickly turned authority over to a civilian-dominated council. Two weeks ago the colonel seized power once more. But early last week he had second thoughts yet again. The colonel released Bavadra from prison and began talks aimed at restoring civilian government. Rabuka was responding in part to an appeal from Queen Elizabeth II that the former British colony not quit the Commonwealth.

By week's end Rabuka had done another about-face. He revoked the Constitution, declared himself head of state and said he would proclaim Fiji a republic on Oct. 10. The colonel's latest change of heart apparently came under pressure from the Taukei Movement, a group of militant Fijians who are demanding that ethnic Indians be excluded from power. Indians dominate Bavadra's Labor Party and slightly outnumber ethnic Fijians among the island chain's 725,000 people.

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Economy & Business

Shoot-Out at Tech Gap

A civil war over export controls rages inside the Administration

Under ordinary circumstances the sale of IBM computers to Transnautic Shipping, a company based in West Germany, might serve as a stirring example of America's ability to compete overseas. Transnautic, a Hamburg firm that coordinates ship traffic in the West German port, has been a satisfied customer indeed, buying many high-tech IBM products over the past decade. But last week the Transnautic-IBM connection gained unwanted notoriety as a symbol of the internal dissension that marks the U.S. Government's campaign to protect America's high-tech secrets. Reason: 51% of Transnautic is owned by the Soviet Union.

The intensity of the disagreements was driven home last week by three disquieting revelations:

- The Pentagon acknowledged that it has been engaged in a yearlong struggle with the Commerce Department over Transnautic's \$3 million order for one of IBM's powerful mainframe computer systems, called the Model 4381. The Commerce Department finally approved the sale over the Pentagon's bitter objections.

- While the two sides were feuding, the Soviet-controlled company grew impatient and bought a Hitachi-made IBM clone. The Commerce Department admitted last week that it could have questioned that sale because the Hitachi machine contains some U.S.-made parts, but agency staffers who approved that deal somehow failed to notice Transnautic's Soviet ownership.

- In perhaps the most serious incident, the Pentagon claims it stopped the Commerce Department from accidentally approving the sale of an IBM Model 9370 minicomputer to a Singapore-based Soviet shipping company. The 9370 is an advanced machine that has many military and engineering applications.

The episodes represent a flare-up in a long-running feud over how strictly the U.S. must limit its exports to preserve its technological edge. The dispute pits America's top two export watchdogs against each other. On one side is Stephen Bryen, a Deputy Under Secretary of Defense, who contends that Commerce is proving inept and overly permissive in its approval of export permits, allowing millions of dollars in strategic U.S. products to reach such final destinations as the Soviet Union, China and Iran. On the other



"We always suspect the worst with respect to the Soviets."

Deputy Defense Under Secretary Stephen Bryen

side is Paul Freedenberg, an acting Commerce Under Secretary, who maintains that the Pentagon is overzealous and insensitive to the practical problems of accommodating America's Western trading partners.

The Pentagon's tough position, which took hold during the Reagan Administration's early years and succeeded in boosting Western vigilance against the world's technobandits, now faces growing criticism in the face of America's staggering trade deficits (last year's gap: \$170 billion). One group, the Electronics Industries Association, estimates that export controls are costing the U.S. some \$9 billion in lost business and 225,000 jobs every year as foreign suppliers rush to fill the orders refused by American companies.

In the Transnautic case, IBM's West German subsidiary first asked the Commerce Department for permission to ship the Model 4381 in September 1986. When the Pentagon protested the sale, IBM appealed, only to have the Defense Department urge Commerce once again to halt the deal. Says the Pentagon's Bryen: "We always suspect the worst with respect to the Soviets." But eventually Commerce's Freedenberg approved the sale despite the Pentagon's qualms. Declares Bryen: "The whole way they handled the Transnautic issue is outside the law."

One rationale for Freedenberg's decision was that Transnautic supposedly showed no previous tendency to sneak IBM technology back to the Soviet Union. Another factor was mounting complaints



A Customs agent in Los Angeles checks out a computer circuit board bound for Hong Kong

from the West German government, which questioned the legitimacy of U.S. interference in a deal between two ostensibly West German entities. "I decided it was a good deal," said Freedenberg, who attached conditions to the sale that would have required periodic inspections of the

computer to prevent it from being smuggled into the Soviet Union. "We believed another country would ship [that kind of computer] without any conditions." By the time Commerce approved the sale, Hitachi had indeed filled the bill.

The Pentagon contends that in some cases the Commerce Department has failed to notice the Soviet connections of companies based in friendly countries. That was the case in August, when IBM applied to sell the Model 9370 minicomputer to a Soviet-controlled shipping firm in Singapore. Through a clerical mistake, the front page of the application listed the final destination only as IBM Singapore. But a sharp-eyed Pentagon analyst noticed that the intended use of the machine was given as "cargo handling," which obviously is not IBM's line of work, and prompted a more thorough Pentagon check that revealed the actual buyer. That name, Singapore Soviet Shipping, finally turned up on an attached document. The Commerce Department contends it would have made the same discovery, but Pentagon

officials are skeptical. (IBM, for its part, has not been accused of any wrongdoing.)

The Soviets have a lengthy shopping list of Western technology, according to recently declassified documents. The list contains items in fields ranging from robotics to ceramics and fiber optics to ion-beam etching. The Soviets also want to know about new developments in industrial processes like fiber-glass manufacturing, which would help them build high-pressure air tanks for submarines.

To fill the shopping list, Soviet-employed technobandits roam from Silicon Valley to Long Island trying to buy, copy or steal the latest developments. One favorite tactic for getting the merchandise out of the U.S. is to set up a front company in a Western country through which goods can be transhipped. Says a West Coast security officer: "They sell it through three, four or five different parties. Nobody has the manpower to follow every shipment to its eventual destination."

But the U.S. Customs Service has made technology smuggling a high priority. Through a special project called Operation Exodus, started in 1981, the agency is pursuing more than 800 cases of high-tech theft and arms smuggling. In one recent case, Customs unraveled an alleged plot to smuggle a sophisticated side-scan sonar device, an invaluable tool for tracking submarines. Made in New Hampshire, the device was bought by a Louisiana firm and shipped to Norway, then to Japan. A Japanese company was installing the device on a Soviet fishing trawler when officials closed in.

Besides the Soviet Union, many other countries are barred from receiving hundreds of thousands of U.S. products. High-speed marine outboard motors might seem like a device designed more for water-skiing than war, but in Iran's case the Ad-

ministration embargoes them because the country has launched motorboat attacks in the Persian Gulf conflict. In a now notorious episode, a U.S. company was about to ship 50 radios (price: \$28,500 each) to a supposed Libyan fig farm. But the Pentagon blocked the sale after learning that the radios were equipped with 785,000 fast-switching channels for evading eavesdroppers and were "ruggedized" for possible use in jeeps or tanks.

Traditionally, one of America's biggest headaches in stopping technology leaks has been poor cooperation from its allies, whose ports and corporations have served as smuggler's havens for trading in U.S.-made goods. But during the past few years the U.S. has won greater help from other members of the Paris-based Coordinating Committee for Multilateral Export Controls (COCOM), a group composed of 15 NATO countries plus Japan. The COCOM group, formed just after World War II, jointly agrees on a list of banned technology, but until recently the U.S. has enforced the guidelines much more seriously than most of its fellows. Japan, for example, has only now heightened its export scrutiny, a response to U.S. anger over the Toshiba affair, in which the company's machine-tool subsidiary sold advanced propeller-milling devices to the Soviets.

Despite the Pentagon's concern, many business leaders and politicians think the time has come to be more discriminating about which exports to control. Billions of dollars in high-tech business is being lost to foreign rivals because overseas buyers are wary of America's far-reaching restrictions. Last year the U.S. posted a deficit in high-technology trade—\$2.6 billion—for the first time ever. In 1980, by contrast, America had a high-tech surplus of \$27 billion. "We ought to be placing higher fences around fewer items," says Jim LeMunyon, senior manager of government relations for the American Electronics Association.

Now the export-decontrol momentum is building. In a notable change of philosophy, the U.S. recently went along with a COCOM decision to remove controls on shipments of personal computers. Likewise, the two trade bills approved by the House and Senate both contain provisions that would prevent the Government from restricting U.S. sales of high-tech items that other industrial nations already sell on the open market. The movement will no doubt meet some resistance: North Carolina Republican Senator Jesse Helms is threatening to block the confirmation of C. William Verity, President Reagan's nominee to become Commerce Secretary, on the ground that the former steel-company executive lacks the commitment to bar exports to the East bloc. But the U.S. is likely to grant its industries at least somewhat more freedom to give them a better shot at winning the lucrative contracts that are now going to relatively unfettered foreign firms.

—By Stephen Koopp.

Reported by Christopher Redman/Paris and Elaine Shannon/Washington



"We believed another country would ship that computer without any conditions."

Acting Commerce Under Secretary Paul Freedenberg



Economy & Business

Boom in the Bust Market

Taking stock in bankruptcy

Like Jim Lebenthal and Charles Schwab, Randy Smith owns a successful securities firm. But unlike those two familiar financial pitchmen, the head of Manhattan's R.D. Smith & Co. would never think of hawking his services on TV. Reason: R.D. Smith deals in stocks and bonds that would seem far too risky to the typical investor.

The two-year-old company is the undisputed leader in a peculiar new segment of the brokerage business that finds profits in the casualties of the American econ-

\$38, a 300-fold increase. Windfalls can also be made from convalescing companies like LTV, the giant steel firm that is still reorganizing under Chapter 11 protection but has made strides toward reduced profitability. This year the price of LTV bonds maturing in 2003 has nearly tripled, from 11% of face value to 30%.

Wall Street has always had contrarians who hunt for fallen angels, but the number of available so-called distressed securities was not large enough to support many specialists in this field. In recent years, however, a surge in bankruptcies has created a boom in the bust market. The value of investments made in distressed securities could reach \$20 billion this year, in contrast to less than \$1 billion a decade ago.

Smith, a graduate of Cornell and the Wharton School, started dabbling in distressed securities in the late 1960s while a trader at Manhattan's Bear Stearns. He made clients and himself a tidy profit on bonds issued by the bankrupt Penn Central railroad. In 1985 Smith left Bear Stearns to create the first company devoted to dealing in distressed securities. As a privately held firm, R.D. Smith does not report earnings, but the staff at its cluttered Manhattan office has expanded from eight to 35 in two years.

In the process, a whole new growth industry may have been born. Smith was followed into the business by Basil Vasilou, a former Bear Stearns colleague, who launched a competing firm last year. In the meantime, several full-line investment houses, including Goldman Sachs and Salomon Brothers, have set up special distressed-security units.

One of Smith's first moves was to hire James Bennett, a Harvard M.B.A. and now the firm's chief operating officer. Bennett, an aggressive trader who was a national champion wrestler as a Yale undergrad, has shown an uncanny knack for spotting gems among securities that, as he puts it, "scare 99% of investors." When a company files for Chapter 11, Bennett goes through troves of financial information that surfaces in court papers. Even firms that may never emerge from bankruptcy are worth a look, he says, if the value of their assets is not fully reflected in the price of their securities. Earlier this year, Bennett decided that bonds issued by Louisiana's Crystal Oil, a Shreveport-based company in bankruptcy, were worth more than 4¢ per dollar of face value. Four months after he recommended the bonds, the price jumped to 16¢.

At the moment, Bennett is getting interested in Public Service of New Hampshire. Financially strapped by its inability to open the controversial Seabrook nuclear plant, Public Service is close to becoming the first major utility to file for bankruptcy since World War II. That might mean trouble for its shareholders, creditors and customers, but it could lead to another golden opportunity for R.D. Smith & Co. —By Eugene Linden/New York

The Injustice Of It All

Stealing software the easy way

With one startling exception, it was a routine case of industrial hanky-panky. The defendant, said Judge George Bason Jr. of the U.S. Bankruptcy Court in Washington, was guilty of stealing a computer program developed by a private company and driving the firm out of business. In a blistering denunciation, Bason accused the defendant of "trickery, fraud and deceit." Nothing terribly unusual there—except that the defendant was the U.S. Department of Justice.

The bizarre story began five years ago, when Justice granted a \$10 million contract to Inslaw, a Washington-based software company, to adapt its Promis computer program for use by U.S. Attorneys in keeping track of legal cases. Within a year Justice and Inslaw got into a dispute over the terms of the deal, and the department withheld the first \$1.8 million



Hamilton endured "trickery, fraud and deceit"

worth of payments due the company. Nonetheless, Justice kept the software that had been delivered, and distributed it to the U.S. Attorneys. Inslaw, meanwhile, slid into bankruptcy proceedings.

In court, Inslaw President William Hamilton pointed out that the Justice Department official who oversaw the Inslaw contract was C. Madison Brewer III, who had previously been fired as the company's general counsel. The whole dispute arose, said Hamilton, from Brewer's desire for revenge. Bason agreed, ruling that Brewer had an "intense and abiding hatred" for Inslaw and had used his position at the Justice Department to "vent his spleen." The judge faulted other Justice officials for not investigating Brewer's actions. As for the appropriation of the Inslaw software, the judge likened Justice to a customer who asks an auto dealer for a test drive and speeds off with the car.

Judge Bason has not yet set damages, and the Justice Department, which denies any wrongdoing, plans to appeal the decision. Hamilton hopes to receive as much as \$5.4 million from the Government and to use the money to revive Inslaw. ■



Bennett: a star wrestler turned tough trader

omy. Known in some corporate boardrooms as "vultures," the traders at R.D. Smith specialize in buying and selling low-priced stocks and bonds issued by companies that have filed for bankruptcy protection or are perilously close to taking that step. This dishonor roll ranges from such well-known hard-luck cases as Texaco, Manville and LTV to obscure ailing firms like Crystal Oil.

Smith and his growing legion of clients realize that investments in troubled companies may turn out to be worthless. But the prices of such cheap stocks and bonds can surge if the firms get out of difficulty. Only ten years ago, for example, Toys "R" Us, then called Interstate Stores, was wallowing in bankruptcy proceedings, and its stock was selling for as low as 12.5¢. Today a share of the resurgent toy-store chain goes for more than

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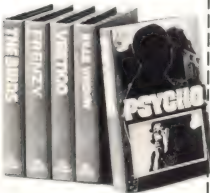
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Setting a Full Table

A new book tells how China's farmers vanquished famine

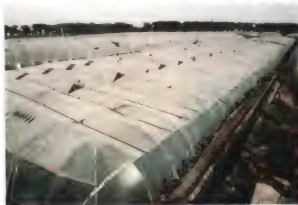
Only a decade ago food was so scarce that the threat of starvation was an everyday fact of life for tens of millions of Chinese. Today shop windows are filled with chickens and ducks, and open-air markets are overflowing with fresh vegetables. But if even the casual visitor to China in recent years could see that agricultural sufficiency had come at last to a country historically plagued by famine, few Westerners truly appreciate the magnitude of that achievement or understand how it came about. Under Deng Xiaoping's regime, the Chinese have become the most efficient farmers in the world in terms of output per acre. They feed more than a billion people, or 22% of the globe's

The Chinese accomplished this feat by melding traditional methods with innovative modern technologies. As the Chinese would say, they "walked on two legs." For all its advances, Chinese agriculture is still strikingly labor-intensive; the backbreaking practice of hand planting is almost universal. Yet China is now using modern chemical fertilizers in addition to time-honored natural ones. More and more acreage is being covered by transparent plastic sheeting that warms the soil, conserves water and guards against bad weather. Veterinarians use the ancient technique of acupuncture, but increasingly they work with laser beams instead of needles.

of wastefulness, they feed livestock not valuable grain but materials of little other value. Algae and other aquatic plants, for example, have become a major source of both fertilizer and feed.

Fisheries are a masterpiece of efficiency: the Chinese encircle them with mulberry bushes. The leaves are eaten by silkworms, whose droppings fall into the ponds and feed the fish. Various species of fish ply the different depths of the ponds, which also support ducks and provide water for pigs.

In the laboratory, Chinese scientists have been unusually successful in developing hearty strains of crops. Several hybrid rice varieties yield up to five tons per acre, as much as 180% more than a standard American strain. The Chinese have also improved crop yields by pioneering the biological control of insect pests, using ducks, frogs and even other insects. Farmers employ wasps, for example, to



Modern technology: vegetables growing in plastic "greenhouses"



Ancient technique: transplanting rice by hand is still almost universal

population, on only 7% of its arable land.

The story of China's stunning improvement in farm production is comprehensively told in a new 462-page book called *Feeding a Billion* (Michigan State University Press: \$30). Its authors are Sylvan Wittwer, director emeritus of the Michigan State University Agricultural Experiment Station, and three Chinese farm experts: Professor Sun Han of Nanjing Agricultural University, Professor Yu Youtai of Northeast Agricultural College in Harbin and Wang Lianzheng, vice governor of Heilongjiang province. Wittwer, the principal writer, made five trips to China during the past seven years and received unstinting cooperation from the Communist authorities in undertaking an in-depth study of Chinese farming methods. What he found, writes Wittwer, was a "hallmark of success in food production and agricultural reform."

Wittwer and his co-authors maintain that most of the progress took place after 1978, when Deng began economic reforms by breaking up collective farms and introducing market incentives into agriculture. Since that time, per capita food consumption has risen by almost 50%.

These methods would probably not have been used so extensively and successfully were it not for the dollop of capitalism that the Chinese have added to their 38-year-old Communist society. The state continues to own the land, but the large old communes are essentially gone and individual peasant families are now responsible for looking after plots. Although broad policies remain centralized, says Wittwer, "the peasant contracts to deliver (to the state) a certain amount of an agricultural commodity that he produces at a fair price. In return, he is free to produce—by himself or with a group—as much more as he can and, to a certain extent, sell it for whatever price he can get."

The change in policy has given farmers powerful new incentives to use age-old Chinese agricultural techniques. For a thousand years longer than in Western Europe, the Chinese have fertilized their fields. They now use everything from animal waste and human fecal matter to butchery leavings and pond mud. The Chinese regard the West's failure to make use of excrement as "extreme extravagance," says Wittwer. Shunning all manner

control stinkbug infestations of fields.

For all their praise of Chinese agriculture, Wittwer and his colleagues concede that an abundant food supply for the growing population is by no means assured for the coming decades. One-third of the cultivated land, they note, is too saline, dry or eroded for maximum crop yields. National grain production, after years of rapid increases, has started to level off. Chinese leaders realize that to make further gains they may have to turn increasingly to more advanced farming technology, from sophisticated erosion-control methods to still wider use of chemical fertilizers.

Ironically, that may necessitate a partial reversal of the Deng reforms. Small plots will have to be recombined into larger collective farms. The trick will be to rebuild communal farms without destroying the new incentives that have made individual farmers so productive. Specifically, the incomes that farmers make will have to rise with the level of production. Only by maintaining its delicate new balance between Communism and capitalism can China hope to feed its next billion people.

—By Glenn Gurelik

"My Name Is on the Building"

Henry Ford II: 1917-1987

As the grandson of the founder of the Ford Motor Co., Henry Ford II bore one of the most powerful names in American business. He used it wisely to save the second largest U.S. automaker in its dark days after World War II. He used it arrogantly when he put down executives who dared to contradict him by reminding them, "My name is on the building."

During the 35 years that he ran the firm, Ford gathered around him men who became important leaders in their own right. Among them: Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and later head of the World Bank; Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca; and Charles ("Tex") Thornton, who co-founded Litton Industries. Yet none of them ever claimed to understand the man they always addressed as Mr. Ford. When he died last week of complications from pneumonia in Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital, he was still unfathomable.

Almost untouchable on his corporate throne, Ford was perhaps the most secure executive in America. A biographer once told him that his book would give Ford the chance to set the record straight about many things. Snapped Ford: "Oh, let the fairy tales continue. Who gives a damn?" His most famous expression, which he borrowed from Benjamin Disraeli, the 19th century British Prime Minister: "Never complain. Never explain."

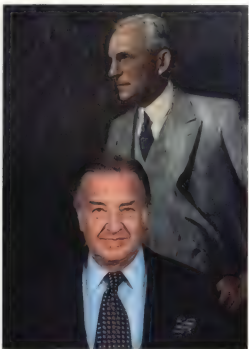
Ford could afford to play high-stakes games, and he had fun doing it. He stunned the automobile world in 1968, when he offered the presidency of Ford to Semon ("Bunkie") Knudsen, then a top executive at General Motors. Ford rented an Oldsmobile and drove to Knudsen's house to offer him the job. Within 19 months, though, Ford fired Knudsen, who had made the error of trying to get too chummy with the boss. One mistake: he constantly barged into Ford's office without knocking.

Born Sept. 4, 1917, to Edsel and Eleanor Clay Ford, Henry led the privileged yet cloistered life of Henry Ford's grandson. His boyhood included chauffeur-driven lifts to grammar school. After Hotchkiss, Ford went to Yale, but he did not graduate. Reason: he paid a student to write a paper for him about Thomas Hardy's novels. Although admitting that he cheated, Ford denied that he was caught because he accidentally dropped the bill for the student's services into the professor's lap. "I may be stupid," he told Biographer Borton Herndon, "but I'm not that stupid."

After Yale, Ford worked in the company's engineering department before going into the Navy in April 1941. But in

August 1943, a month before his 26th birthday, Ford was released from active duty so that he could return to Detroit to help put the Ford Motor Co. back on its feet. Years of erratic one-man rule by old Henry had left the company a shambles, and the Government was afraid the firm would not be able to produce the amphibious vehicles and planes needed for the war effort.

The founder was then 80 and shakily in control after the death the previous May of his son Edsel from cancer. In his dotage, the old man had surrounded himself with managerial incompetents and given them enormous power. Among them was Harry



Posing with a portrait of his grandfather, the founder

With the help of the Whiz Kids, he saved the family firm.

Bennett, Ford's pistol-toting aide-de-camp, who had become the company Rasputin. Young Ford demanded that his grandfather turn all management control over to him. "I want a completely free hand," he said. The old man finally relented. In 1945, at 28, Henry Ford II took charge. His first act was to fire Bennett.

The corporate rebuilding job that young Ford faced was formidable. The company was losing nearly \$10 million a month, and labor relations were chaotic. The new boss did what any good manager in trouble does: he sought help. Ford accepted an offer made by a brass team of former Air Force officers and signed them up in a package deal. He gave them salaries that were princely at the time, ranging from \$9,000 to \$16,000. Among the

ten Whiz Kids, as they were called: McNamara and Arjay Miller, both of whom later became Ford presidents. Henry raided GM for the man to head the new team, Ernest Breech, possibly the best production chief in the U.S. at the time.

The Whiz Kids brought modern professional management to Ford. They introduced financial controls and restructured the company along divisional lines, much as Alfred Sloan had done at GM. In the 1950s and 1960s, under Ford and Breech, the reborn Ford Motor Co. prospered and came up with several winners, including the sporty Thunderbird in 1954 and the Mustang in 1964. One failure, though, became synonymous with marketing disaster: the Edsel in 1957. In later years, Ford was not as successful. The company lagged behind its rivals in coming up with the right mix of fuel-efficient cars after the energy crisis of the early 1970s. Ford insisted that Americans would never buy small economy cars, and the firm did not have those models when consumers demanded them.

Outside the office, Ford did what he wanted, when he wanted. A reveler, Ford once led an orchestra through a swimming pool while the musicians played *When the Saints Go Marching In*. He divorced Anne, his wife of 24 years, in 1964 to marry Maria Cristina Vittore Austin, a divorced Italian jet-setter. That marriage broke up in 1980, and the settlement cost Henry an estimated \$15 million. He married Kathleen DuRoss, at the time an operator of a Detroit disco, later that year.

Ford was serious about using the family name for worthy causes. After the Detroit race riots in 1967 left 43 dead, Ford headed an effort to find jobs for blacks. He lent his name and money to the building of Detroit's Renaissance Center, a financial flop that lost an estimated \$140 million in its first four years and had to be refinanced in 1983.

One of Ford's last decisions at the company was determining who would be the first non-Ford to head it. Iacocca had been in the running, but Ford fired him in 1978. "I think

you should leave," he told him. "It's best for the company." Iacocca demanded to know why this was being done to the man who fathered the Mustang and had just led Ford to two years of record profits. Ford shrugged his shoulders and said, "Sometimes you just don't like somebody." In 1980 Philip Caldwell was picked as Ford's successor.

Ford spent his final years living in England and Florida. He joined Sotheby's, the art auction house, as vice chairman, and he sat on the board of directors of a local bank. He continued to work for his old company and at the time of his death was head of the finance committee of the board of directors. To the end, he remained as secure as ever. After all, his name was on the building.

—By John S. D'Emmitt



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Business Notes



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Money: Baker a goldbug?



Labor: facing a pay cut, the musicians struck up a new chorus

EMPLOYMENT

Perking Along, Picking Up Jobs

The U.S. economy passed two impressive milestones last week. First, the nation completed its 58th consecutive month of growth, tying a peacetime record. Then the Government announced that for the first time in this decade the unemployment rate fell below 6%, dipping one-tenth of a percentage point from its August rate, to 5.9%, in September. Most of the employment growth over the past five years has been in services. But the manufacturing sector, recently reinvigorated by rising exports, accounted for fully 40% of the 132,000 new jobs created last month. Said Jerry Jasinowski, chief economist of the National Association of Manufacturers: "These are the best numbers we have seen in some time and reflect manufacturing's comeback."

But some economists fear that a tighter job market will push up wages and launch a new inflationary spiral. In November 1979, the last time unemployment was as low as 5.9%, inflation was roaring ahead at a seemingly unstoppable 12% annual rate. The current consensus, however, is that the economy still has enough slack to keep that from happening. One reason: in addition to the 7.1 million people the Labor Department officially lists as "unemployed," an

additional 1 million, classified as "discouraged," have given up looking for jobs but are still part of the country's available labor pool.

LEGISLATION

The Big Flameout

The crusade to ban smoking on U.S. airline flights gained altitude last week. In the first legislation of its kind, California prohibited smoking on flights that begin and end in the state as of Jan. 1. Whether the act can be enforced, however, is an open question. California Governor George Deukmejian admits that the legislation may exceed the state's authority, since federal law gives the U.S. Government the right to regulate the airlines.

In any case, antismoking forces were also making progress in Washington. The Senate Appropriations Committee approved a bill containing a provision that would prohibit travelers from lighting up on flights of two hours or less.

MONEY

Giving Gold a Fresh Chance

Has James Baker become a goldbug? Not exactly, but the distinguished bankers and ministers from around the

world who gathered in Washington last week for a meeting of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund were startled to hear the U.S. Treasury Secretary suggest a new role for gold in international economic affairs. To be sure, Baker was not advocating a return to the gold standard, in which the price of the precious metal would be fixed in all the major currencies. But the Secretary said countries might use an index of the worldwide prices of gold and other heavily traded commodities as a partial guide in coordinating economic policies. If that index was rising, for example, it would be a sign of inflationary pressures, and nations might decide jointly to raise interest rates to prevent rapid price increases.

LABOR

Playing Their Own Tune

For ten months harmony has eluded the 48-year-old San Antonio Symphony Society and its 83 musicians. The society, citing mounting debt and flagging ticket sales, demanded a 47% drop in the musicians' payroll, either through salary cuts, a shorter season or a reduction in the size of the orchestra. The musicians complained that the society is not committed to maintaining a symphony of national caliber.

Now the orchestra mem-

bers have decided that the best tune to play is their own. This week Orchestra San Antonio, composed of mutinous musicians from the Symphony Society, is launching a rogue season of 28 performances. So far, the new orchestra has sold season tickets worth a total of \$82,325 to 800 subscribers.

TELEVISION

Critics Contest Kidvid Content

Nothing infuriates critics of children's TV more than cartoon shows that are produced or partly financed by toy manufacturers. Mattel, for example, used *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe* to help sell an estimated \$175 million worth of toys last year, while Hasbro's *Transformers* helped generate sales of \$214 million. Under President Reagan, the Federal Communications Commission has removed all limits on advertising in children's programming and refused to take action against shows that detractors call "program-length commercials."

Now activist groups, including Action for Children's Television, have mounted a serious court challenge to the FCC. In two rulings, the second of which came last week, federal judges in Washington have ordered the FCC to justify its policy or come up with new guidelines on the commercial content of children's TV.

People

"These are the kind of people who when you see them on the street you want to deny their presence," says Director **Hector Babenco** of the main characters in his new film, based on the novel *Ironweed*. Of course, even playing a skid row couple, **Jack Nicholson** and **Meryl Streep** have a presence that is hard to deny. The Brazilian Babenco (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*) had never met the American stars before, "but after two days of working together, we had sealed a pact of fate," he exclaims. **William Kennedy's** Pulitzer-prizewinning story, set in 1930s Albany, has a way of generating strong reactions. Nicholson calls his portrayal of Francis Phelan, an alcoholic ex-baseball player, his "toughest and most intricate role to date." And the interplay with Streep, observes Babenco, was dramatically a "rich, rich experience. I was totally in love with the work they were doing." Readers of the book will have a chance to see how smitten they are in December.

They both possess magnetism, but when the **Dalai Lama** was joined by Actor **Richard Gere** at a Manhattan press conference last week, it was Tibetan Buddhism's spiritual leader who gently commanded attention. Gere—who met His Holiness five years ago in north-



Down and out in *Ironweed*: Streep and Nicholson are "rich, rich"

west India, at his headquarters in exile from Chinese-occupied Tibet—was there to promote the establishment of the first Tibet House in the U.S. The center will help preserve and display "one of the ancient, rich cultures of the world," the Dalai Lama explained. The gravity of his message was underscored two days later as news came that at least six had been killed in a violent protest against Chinese rule by 2,000 Tibetans in the capital of Lhasa. Earlier in the week, during another clash, 27 lamas were arrested. The unrest, the first in ten years, was called by China a "direct outcome" of the Dalai Lama's exile activities. At week's end, following his

return to New Delhi, the Dalai Lama said he was "grieved by the loss of lives," and called on the Chinese authorities to "stop the executions."

Launched in the year of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, it served as a kind of knowledgeable letter from home for Americans traveling abroad. Now the *International Herald Tribune* is sending back some news of its own. Last week the *Trib* celebrated its 100th anniversary with Paris' glitziest party of the year, a four-day gala culminating in a sit-down, black tie dinner for 1,500. The headline guests were Washington *Post* Owner **Katharine Graham**, New York *Times* Chairman **Arthur Ochs Sulzberger** and **Art Buchwald**, who got his start as a "boy columnist" on the *Trib* in 1949. Jointly published by the *Times* and *Post* and printed simultaneously in nine countries, the *Trib* has enjoyed a 50% jump in circulation in the past ten years, to 180,000. Says its editor, **John Vinocur**: "The *Trib* today is a mixture of two things—the enormous journalistic resources of the *Times* and the *Post*, and a tradition of really intelligent eclecticism and occasional eccentricity. Together they make quite a combination." And, every once in a while, quite a party.

If a man reaches 75 and is still climbing, it's time for more than a tip of the hat. When the Chicago Symphony Orchestra began planning this week's birthday concert for **Sir Georg Solti**, the still insouciant conductor had his own ideas. No *Night of a Hundred Stars*, if you please. Just three performers from the top of the A list: Tenor **Plácido Domingo**, Soprano **Kiri Te Kanawa** and, making his formal U.S. debut at the piano, Solti himself. Sir Georg began his illustrious career in Europe in 1924 as a pianist, but throughout his 18 years in command of the C.S.O. he had never performed publicly. Then last winter, when he and the Chicago were visiting San Francisco, a scheduled piece had to be canceled and he made an impromptu appearance at the piano. This time around, he plans to treat the audience to a Mozart double-piano concerto. Will Solti



Solti: the maestro plays on

ever slow down? Well, first he wants to see the C.S.O. through its 100th season, in 1991. Then, says Spokeswoman Joyce Idema, "maybe we'll give him the title of conductor laureate." Or maybe he'll just go back to being a full-time pianist.

—By **Guy D. Garcia**, Reported by **David E. Thigpen/New York**, with other bureaus



An officer and a guru: Gere and the Dalai Lama announcing Tibet House

Show Business

Cary Grant, Italian Style

Marcello Mastroianni caps his career with a vibrant new role

What a gift and a burden, to be Marcello Mastroianni. Though none of his 150 or so films were made in Hollywood, he is the consummate movie star: charming, at ease in his celebrity, with the light, self-deprecating tilt to his wit that royalty wears so well. The face wears well too. At 63 it has settled into a comfortable handsomeness. Today Mastroianni is exhausted from too many interviews on his Manhattan visit to promote his film *Dark Eyes*. But like a Casanova tantalized by the inevitability of one more conquest, he will of course accommodate another visitor. It is his pleasure and his business to walk onto the stage of a magazine page, to tell the familiar stories and improvise new ones. So the graceful hands sculpt air to illustrate a point. The smile invites. Even the famous world-weary shrug amounts to conspiratorial flirtation. "You pretend it's true," the gesture says, "and I'll pretend it isn't." It is a marvelous performance. Who else could play Marcello Mastroianni so convincingly?

Not that there has been only one Marcello to play. In his first eminence, as the cynical journalist in Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* and the indecisive director in Fellini's *8½*, Mastroianni might have been typed as an existentialist heartthrob, a Valentino for the atomic age. But by the early '60s he was also playing a comic-pathetic roué in *Divorce, Italian Style*; a quiet-spoken syndicalist in *The Organizer*; a trio of Italian males in *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*. From these disparate parts emerged the full image of Mastroianni: a sensual, reasonable man, agreeably passive, remarkably resilient, lost and vulnerable behind the mask of bravado. A man who wins, or survives, through a weakness: his ironic understanding that his deceptions fool no one and charm all. A Continental Cary Grant, full of comic suavity, but with no guaranteed Hollywood happy endings.

That was, and remains, the Mastroianni character. But Mastroianni the artist is more complex, a creator of delicious surprises and subtle tonal shifts. Romano, the ebullient loser he plays in Nikita Mikhalkov's *Dark Eyes*, is a virtual anthology of Marcello males, and the actor finds vibrant life in each of them. In his rich wife's mansion Romano is the buffoon philanderer, tipping toward domestic calamity. At the spa he is the exuberant

courtier, wading into a mud bath to retrieve a woman's hat. On business in Russia he is the dapper salesman, mainly of himself. And years later, reminiscing with a stranger, he is the old seducer whose spirit nearly broke when his heart did. *Dark Eyes* won Mastroianni the Best Actor prize at this year's Cannes Film Festival and, by rights, should earn him an Oscar nomination next February.

Running endless engaging variations on this character has given the actor a "nice, comfortable career in cinema." It has also teased audiences into believing the Marcello males are transparent masks for Mastroianni the man. The actor will oblige this pretense. "Basically," he says in a melodic baritone slightly rasped by his three-pack-a-day cigarette habit, "there is always yourself. On yourself you build. First the foundation, then the floors. So what I try to do is to offer myself undressed, without any covering. And in a naive way, as if it was the first time. Forget that I am a movie star. Forget, forget! I am ready to run all the risks."

He has been taking risks since he was born, in the town of Fontana Liri, near

Rome, to a carpenter who eventually went blind and a housewife who eventually went deaf. ("They were like a comic couple," he notes.) When the German army occupied Italy, Marcello was sent to a labor camp. He escaped and hid in a tailor's attic in Venice until the end of the war. He had studied to be an architect but drifted into acting, making his film debut in 1947 in *I Miserabili*. The following year he joined Luchino Visconti's Milan theater troupe. "It was the most important company in Italy," he says. "So I got into the theater from the golden door."

In 1957 Mastroianni attained Italian film stardom as the wistful suitor in Visconti's *White Nights*, and in 1959 Fellini made him an international icon by casting him in *La Dolce Vita*. Mastroianni compares these two men, who were crucial to his career: "Visconti was the teacher. Severe, but we like him. Fellini is your benchmark, the one you sit next to and make jokes. With Fellini, always we make it a joke. The more serious the film, the more we laugh. We don't say, 'Oh, maestro, how beautiful is this thing you are creating.' We think this, but we don't say this."

The joys of creation and camaraderie are essential to Mastroianni's career. "When I make films, I am absolutely happy," he says with a grin. "That's why I make so many films. This is a most beautiful thing, to be with 60, 70 people on a set and to make stories. It helps me to act. I work seriously but never take myself seriously. I want to enjoy myself—really enjoy—like a child. Because all actors are children. If it is a limit that an actor is still a child, it is also a miracle. And when the film is finished, I am looking for another film. Otherwise my life is a little more bored."

Few would call the actor's private life boring, and Mastroianni would not call it private. He has been married to the indulgent Flora for 37 years; their daughter Barbara is 35. But then there is Chiara, his 15-year-old daughter by Actress Catherine Deneuve. Ask him about his limitations, and you get the shrug. "Perhaps I don't be so faithful," he says. "Actors make promises, and they don't keep promises. This infantile nature follows us. Whoever lives with an actor has to accept that he needs to live a little in his fantasies."

For three decades now, all moviegoers have lived in the fantasies that this man-child Latin lover embodies with such sweet vigor. *Grazie*, Marcello, whoever you are. —By Richard Corliss.
Reported by Naushad S. Mehta/
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The Continental star conquers Manhattan
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Cinema



Death-styles of the rich and famous: Rogers and Berenger await a killer

High-Risk Love in an Alien World

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME Directed by Ridley Scott
Screenplay by Howard Franklin

The stark fantasy goes like this. New York City is two different, alien worlds: Manhattan and the "outer boroughs." Manhattan, America's hub of service and information, is an island where the rich get richer and the poor serve lunch. Each day the sunrise set emerges from its Manhattan high-rises, takes a limo to the office and sits down to run the computer age. At the same hour, folks come in from Brooklyn or Queens to play the worker-bee roles of secretaries, cab drivers, souvlaki vendors and cops. After work they return home in underground cattle cars. The subway straps might be handcuffs.

There is a catch for the powerful, though. No matter how upscale a Manhattanite climbs, he can never escape the sight of poverty or the threat of violence. The glitterati on their way to a \$1,000-a-ticket gala must tiptoe through the homeless camped outside in their cardboard condos. And at this week's chic disco—in this week's beyond-chic movie thriller—a wealthy young woman named Claire Gregory (Mimi Rogers) may be witness to a murder. And be tabbed and stalked by the killer. And be protected by Mike Keegan (Tom Berenger), a Queens policeman who knows no more of haut-monde Manhattan than he may have seen on *Life-styles of the Rich and Famous*.

At first Mike lounges warily in Claire's palatial digs, tossing newspaper wads into the sconces. Mike considers her with the outsider's mixture of scorn and awe. But why should he consider her at all? He is at ease in the world outside Manhattan; he has a loving wife (Lorraine Bracco) and a fine young son. For

that matter, why should Claire think of Mike as anything but a nuisance or a clown? He shadows her everywhere, mangles the language and dresses like a used-car salesman at Sunday Mass. Yet she responds to his strength. Though she has a rich man to provide for her, she needs a protector. Perhaps she needs a lover. And Mike surely needs danger.

Someone to Watch Over Me is Ridley Scott's first contemporary film. But the director of *Alien* knows about hostile environments: the director of *Blade Runner* knows how to mix sleaze and sleek; the director of *Legend* knows about the perils of passion. Scott is also an ace stylist, and set loose in New York City he creates a Deluxe color version of an Old Hollywood vision: Manhattan in the '40s, with its twin thrills of grandeur and menace. The sidewalks gleam like a Bakelite floor. A hired gun jogs into a Fifth Avenue foyer.

For all its tech-noir gloss, this is still a traditional thriller, eager to deliver moral lessons with its frissons. Cheat on your wife, and maybe she gets hurt. Leave your family, and maybe they get kidnapped. Go to bed with a woman you work with, and maybe she dies. These are New Hollywood's scary metaphors for sex in the high-risk '80s. Last year *The Fly* said that a woman could get involved with a nice guy who metamorphoses into a slaving insect. The current hit *Fatal Attraction* preaches that no man is safe from a fling who gets flung; her jealousy cuts like a knife. Scott's film, cooler, less apocalyptic, says only this: Know your place—Manhattan or Queens, restlessness or security—and stay in it. Alien worlds should never collide.

—By Richard Corliss

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Delicacies

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Mimi Sheraton
Food
April 13, 1987

TIME

The spirit of our time



PETER S. ELLIOTT

Cinema

Twits Atwitter

MAURICE

Directed by James Ivory
Screenplay by Kit Hesketh-Harvey
and James Ivory

What would English literature—or, for that matter, English sexuality—have done without gamy gamekeepers, lurking unexpressed in the gorse, ready to help the privileged class assert its true, randy nature? What the ineffable Mellors did for Lady Chatterley, Alec Scudder (Rupert Graves) does for Maurice Hall (James Wilby) in this adaptation of E. M. Forster's fantasy about physically fulfilling the love that once upon a time dared not speak its name.

Scudder appears not a moment too soon, but still rather too late to rescue a movie in which Maurice and his great love, Clive (Hugh Grant), spend unconscionable amounts of screen time chastely twittering over their Cambridge teacups about the Platonic ideal of male love.



Wilby and Grant muse on the Platonic ideal

Too much high-mindedness and good taste.

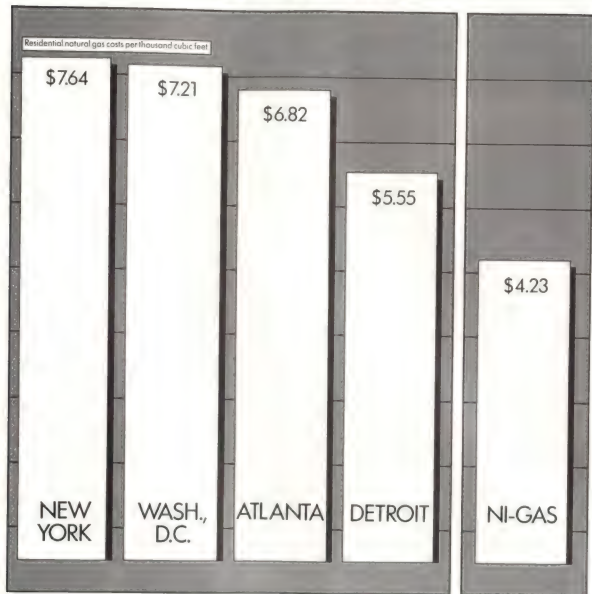
Scudder also arrives on this pristine scene long after Maurice himself has withered to death the matter of physically consummating his natural impulses.

As usual, James Ivory evokes the past—in this case, Edwardian England—prettily enough. But having achieved a personal best in *A Room with a View*, he reverts to form here. That means too reverential a regard for his literary sources (which in this minor case is unnecessary) and no respect at all for screen dynamics. He remains trapped in the same guilty spirit in which Forster wrote.

So does his movie: *Maurice* (pronounced Morris) is all high-mindedness and good taste. It has no emotional tension or—heaven forfend—strong expression of frustration or need. Occasionally an old pro like Denholm Elliott, Barry Foster or Ben Kingsley disregards directorial discretion and rips into a scene, because that's what actors are supposed to do. The young leading men, though, do not have the confidence or the clout to break through Ivory's enervated politesse.

—By Richard Schickel

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Rushes

BABY BOOM

Management Consultant J.C. Wiatt (Diane Keaton) and her investment banker beau (Harold Ramis) snuggle up for some robust yuppie sex. The camera pans to the bedroom clock, which reads 11:46 p.m. Dissolve to the clock at 11:50, and pan back to our lovers, already post-coital, catching up on some paperwork. It is a clever laugh at the expense of a business class so busy making it that they have little time to make it. And it is the only amusing moment in this comedy about a brusque career woman put in charge of raising an infant girl. The script, by Director Charles Shyer and Producer Nancy Meyers, indulges every grating cliché about working women and cutesy-poo children. The insistent background score sounds like Muzak from hell's elevator. Keaton (who looks great) and, as an aw-shucks veterinarian, Sam Shepard (who looks embarrassed) waste their charm on a clockwork satire. The whole thing is a sitcom that plays like kiddie porn.

BEST SELLER

For the sake of argument, or an excuse to go to the movies, one can accept the premise that a conglomerate might have a professional killer in its employ. There must be some deals too hard for the lawyers and C.P.A.s to crack without muscle. But would any company have long tolerated anyone as obviously eager to blab its dark secrets as James Woods? One has to think personnel would have terminated him long before he began to seek a collaborator. Cop-Author Brian Dennehy, for his tell-all book. By all rights, *Best Seller* should have been over before it started: Larry Cohen's screenplay is an outrage against common sense. Still, Director John Flynn rattles one past all the stops where common sense means to disembark, and Woods' wiry intensity and Dennehy's beefy cholera are a volatile and hypnotic mix. This pair can make you believe anything. Almost.

ORPHANS

With its grungy mannerism, its obscenities and banalities used as incantations, its wily truckling to down-and-out sentimentality, Lyle Kessler's 1983 play was an instant anthology of Bad Modern Theater. Kessler's plot was nothing new either. It blended *The Ransom of Red Chief* with Pinter's *The Caretaker*: two games-playing brothers kidnap a mysterious stranger. But *Orphans* held a certain awful fascination as a Method exercise, with the actors turning the stage into a kind of existential trampoline. Alan J. Pakula's screen version perfectly preserves, and thus ruthlessly exposes, the play's hyperactive emptiness. Matthew Modine (the tough brother), Kevin Anderson (the soft brother) and Albert Finney (the stranger) try bravely to find home truths in an enterprise that is all metaphor and pretense. Moviegoers have a more thankless job. They must pretend any of this matters. ■



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Photography



Valencia: an artist with an eye for the unearthly subtext of ordinary scenes

Drunk on a World Served Straight

MOMA brings out the surrealist in Cartier-Bresson

Henri Cartier-Bresson once said he approached his camera as a "combination of the psychiatrist's couch, a machine gun and a warm kiss." That language has a familiar ring to it. The shock compactness of imagery, the off-kilter linkage of sex, death and Freud—it all smacks of surrealism. But who would expect to hear it from a great photojournalist? Cartier-Bresson's fame is based on four decades of incomparable camera reporting. Mention his name and what comes to mind is his great surveys of life in China, the Soviet Union and his native France, not the enigmatic jokes of Max Ernst or the dreams on canvas of Magritte.

The persuasive new exhibit that is now at New York City's Museum of Modern Art is going to change that. Curator Peter Galassi has mounted 90 photographs that Cartier-Bresson, 79, took at the outset of his career, mostly from 1932 through 1934. During those years he put aside his ambitions as a painter and began stalking the streets of three continents with a lightweight Leica and a potent surrealist intuition, an eye for the unearthly subtext of ordinary scenes. Add his powerful gift for spatial arrangement, and the result, says Galassi, is "one of the great, concentrated episodes of modern art."

In that brief span of time, Cartier-Bresson took dozens of his best-known pictures: Spanish children playing in the rubble of a building, a reflected figure leaping across a puddle behind the Gare St-Lazare, Mexican prostitutes popping weirdly out of doorway slots. Galassi is not the first to cite surrealism as the force that conferred upon this early work its compelling strangeness, but he makes the decisive

case. By the end of this exhibit's seven-city tour—it goes to Detroit, Chicago, San Diego, Framingham, Mass., Houston and Ottawa through May 1989—no one will be able to look again at these pictures without seeing how they hold reality at just the right angle to be read as a dream.

Because of his later reputation as a photojournalist and the co-founder of the Magnum photo agency, it is easy to forget Cartier-Bresson's debt to André Breton, surrealism's chief standard-bearer and truest believer. Breton and his circle of poets and artists wanted to revolutionize both consciousness and society through the purposeful absurdities of the unconscious. To dislodge conventional habits of mind, they practiced unpremeditated methods of creation, "unguided" sketching and automatic writing. Moved by their example, Cartier-Bresson realized that his Leica was the most automatic art instrument of all, one that could make split-second images that owed much to chance and much less to calculation.

The volume that accompanies the show, *Henri Cartier-Bresson: The Early Work* (Museum of Modern Art, New York: \$35), quotes him this way: "I was marked, not by surrealist painting, but by the conceptions of Breton... the role of spontaneous expression and of intuition and, above all, the attitude of revolt." Accordingly, his surrealism was not just a matter of finding at large the fetishes and props of Dali and Magritte, though in a picture like his 1932 portrait of the art dealer Pierre Colle, he found them anyway—Colle becomes an inverted head with an ectoplasmic swirl of bed-

clothes for a body. What Cartier-Bresson looked for more often was scenes in which the quotients of the mundane and the marvelous appear held in a balance impossible to fix. This is exactly the secret of his 1933 picture *Valencia*. The image of a boy looking skyward takes its ambiguous charge simply from the mottled wall behind him, a surface with the gravity of the *Elegies to the Spanish Republic* that Robert Motherwell would put on canvas years later.

Galassi may be pressing his point too far when he tries to insist that these early pictures "have virtually nothing to do with photojournalism." Personal revelation and social reportage are too tightly entwined in them to be easily untangled. His outlook shaped by the powerful anti-Fascist movements of the 1930s, Cartier-Bresson was drawn to a leftist sentiment that was shared by most of the surrealists. They believed, in any case, that the visions they sought were best discovered on the margins of society, away from the stultifying bourgeoisie, among the dispossessed, despised and overlooked. Which is why vagrants, prostitutes and poor children fill his pictures. To him they were both earthly outcasts and divine purveyors of the irrational, reality's own surplus value.

As it happened, it was a different kind of photography that became associated with surrealism: the solarized portraits of Man Ray, the looming nudes of Bill Brandt, pictures full of lens distortions and darkroom tricks that brought to mind the outright fantasies of surrealist painting. Cartier-Bresson's genius lay in his recognition that untouched reality was already tractable enough, that the world was most intoxicating when served straight up.

—By Richard Lacayo



Pierre Colle, Paris: reality at a dream angle



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Video

An Embarrassing Failure

CBS cancels its latest break-fast-time flop

In the endless war for the hearts and channel selectors of America's bleary-eyed morning viewers, CBS has never even won a battle. From the day in 1954 when Walter Cronkite and a puppet lion named Charlemagne went up against Dave Garroway and J. Fred Muggs on NBC's *Today*, through the late '70s and early '80s, when such CBS heavyweights as Hughes Rudd and Charles Kuralt were battered by ABC's *Good Morning, America*, the network rarely finished higher than last place.

What could be worse than an honorable failure? An embarrassing failure. Nine months ago CBS invented one: *The Morning Program*, a relentlessly cheery farrago of entertainment and information that featured stand-up comedy, personal ads and an intrusive studio audience. Scorned by critics, the show plummeted in the ratings to a record low (10% of the morning audience). Prior to the show's debut, says one longtime CBS producer, "everyone thought we had the lowest ratings you could have in the morning. *The Morning Program* proved us wrong." Indeed, its abysmal numbers were hurting the following shows of affiliate stations, and mass defections appeared imminent. So no one was surprised when, last week, CBS axed *The Morning Program* and dis-



A.M. maneuvers: ABC's Kathleen Sullivan, left, replaces CBS's Mariette Hartley

missed Executive Producer Bob Shanks and Hosts Mariette Hartley and Rolland Smith.

The show's demise provides CBS News with one more chance to produce an early-a.m. winner. The network brass had raised hackles last year by handing this potentially lucrative time slot to a new production division. Since then, CBS News has been bedeviled by budget cuts, layoffs, a writers' strike and erratic ratings for the *Evening News*. Now the network's news executives hope that the recapture of this breakfast beachhead will boost morale. Says News President Howard Stringer: "I see this as the starting gun for a more productive, happy period."

Stringer must still devise a solution to

one of the network's most vexing problems. While the news division's past efforts were considered too staid to become widely popular, *The Morning Program* had the opposite trouble. Hartley's awkward one-liners and forced

banter were particularly grating. "It was like screeching nails against a blackboard," says Steve Friedman, former executive producer of *Today* and one of *The Morning Program*'s most enthusiastic detractors.

Stringer says the new show will try to win back news-oriented viewers with an eclectic mix of informational programming. "I want to get away from the couches and the endless parade of celebrities," he says, adding, "I want to do something that is strong and intelligent and witty and wise." He has already found one of his two hosts: Kathleen Sullivan, whom he wooed away from ABC last week for an annual salary reported to be in the high six figures.

The engagement has just been announced, but skeptics wonder how long the honeymoon can last. Sally Quinn was out as co-host after four months in 1973; Phyllis George resigned after less than eight months in 1985. Instead of fretting over their boss's impatience, though, CBS staffers are pleased by the new, eternal challenge. Says one producer: "We went from being the class act of the morning to being the absolute laughingstock. Now we've got to regain what we had." And build on it.

—By Laurence Zuckerman
Reported by William Tynan/New York

Milestones

BORN. To Pat Anthony, 48, triplets conceived through in-vitro fertilization from ova donated by her daughter Karen Ferreira-Jorge, 25, in Johannesburg. Anthony became the world's first known surrogate mother of her own grandchildren when she gave birth to two boys and a girl by caesarean section.

RECOVERING. Larry Flynt, 44, paralyzed publisher of *Hustler* magazine and the self-proclaimed king of Sleaze: from a prescription-drug overdose; in Los Angeles. Flynt has been described as despondent since his wife Althea was found dead in the bathtub of their Hollywood mansion in June.

RECOVERING. William Sessions, 57, newly confirmed director of the FBI who was to be sworn in last week; from a previously undiagnosed ulcer; in Washington. Ses-

sions fainted in the aisle on a plane from Dallas to Washington after taking aspirin on an empty stomach.

DIED. Elizabeth Debbie Eden, 41, formerly Ernest Aron, the transsexual whose wish for a sex-change operation resulted in the 1972 Brooklyn bank robbery that inspired the movie *Dog Day Afternoon*; of AIDS-related pneumonia; in Rochester. John Wojtowicz, Aron's lover, who was played in the 1975 movie by Al Pacino, was jailed for seven years after the bungled robbery attempt that left an accomplice dead.

DIED. Peter Medawar, 72, Nobel-prizewinning zoologist whose experiments helped pave the way for modern transplant surgery; after a series of strokes; in London. Brazilian born and Oxford educated, Medawar shared the 1960 Nobel Prize for Medicine with F. Macfarlane Burnet of

Australia's University of Melbourne, for establishing that the body rejects transplants because of an immune response to foreign tissue. Knighted in 1965, Medawar headed the National Institute for Medical Research from 1962 to 1971 and was the author of eleven books, including *Pluto's Republic* and an autobiography, *Memoir of a Thinking Radish*.

DIED. Madeleine Carroll, 81, fragile, blond, British-born beauty who appeared in more than 40 films, starting in such Alfred Hitchcock thrillers as *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Secret Agent*; of cancer; in Marbella, Spain. During World War II, Carroll converted her home near Paris into an orphanage, then joined the Red Cross to nurse the wounded from the Allied fronts in France and Italy, for which she was awarded the U.S. Medal of Freedom.

Music

Songs for the Witching Season

The Boss's new album takes a deep plunge into dark waters

The *Tunnel of Love* appears in stores this week, but anyone with a radio has already heard Bruce Springsteen telling what it is about. The first single from the album, *Brilliant Disguise*, floats easily in the air to a snapback, mid-tempo rhythm. It is like a silk scarf shading a lamp: the song throws off odd refractions of color and veils a 100-watt glow. The melody is sinuous, but the lyrics say something scary just at the end: "God have mercy on the man/ Who doubts what he's sure of." That is *Tunnel of Love* in two deft lines, an album about love that is not about exaltation or passion but about the doubt and fear, longing and uncertainty that shadow every deep feeling, every tender gesture.

The title track of Springsteen's 1984 album, *Born in the U.S.A.*, sounded like a marching song, but the rhythm thrust home a sawtooth short story filled with despair and defiance. The new LP is a little more straightforward and a lot more spare. Springsteen's E Street Band reveled on *Born in the U.S.A.* Here they hang back; indeed, on four songs the Boss handles the instrumentation by himself. *Born in the U.S.A.* was an album full of bright light and bold colors and deliberate, surreptitious contradictions. *Tunnel of Love*, by contrast, seems washed in autumn moonlight, pale and chill. These are twelve songs for the season of the witch.

The album has a solid contemporary sheen, but it is never polished. It is as if Springsteen had buffed up a brand-new car with a sandpaper chamois. Using only simple instrumentation, with an occasional synthesizer riff or guitar blitz, Springsteen has created a modern surrogate for the resonant mystery on old blues and



early rock records. This makes *Tunnel of Love* close kin to his 1982 solo effort, *Nebraska*, which was meant to sound homemade. *Tunnel of Love* takes that approach even further, into the mythic heart of American music and some slat-roof recording studio—maybe on a prairie, maybe near a delta—where a singer sits down, lays down a few sides, then vanishes into the long night. *Tunnel of Love* has that kind of righteous power. It is a record that Springsteen has staked a lot on. It follows no formulas and does not provide what fans may first expect. But right now, anyhow, it sounds like the best record he has made.

Each song has an echo or a refraction in another. A willow tree in *Two Faces* turns up, in a more ominous context, in *Brilliant Disguise*. What Springsteen twice refers to as "God's light" shines, with dif-

ferent luster, in *Cautious Man* and *Valentine's Day*. The singer-narrator of *Walk Like a Man* (the album's standout cut) could easily be looking at himself, a few years later, in *One Step Up* and noticing "I don't see. The man I wanted to be."

There is, in fact, much lyrical speculation on manhood in this record, as if Springsteen, disgusted with the rock-Rambo hype that surrounded him during the *Born in the U.S.A.* concert tour, decided to right the balance. These men are racked and struggling, and if one of them sings he's "tougher than the rest," from a song of the same name, he sounds like he's faking it. No rebels here. This album is populated by people down the street who are trying their damndest just not to be victims.

All the settings are recognizable too (weddings, dances, late-night bars and lonely roads), but Springsteen tilts them so that familiar territory can suddenly seem like a forbidding landscape. Love hurts, love haunts, love heals in these songs. The title cut suggests an amusement-park romp but ends with the kind of lyric reflection that is perfectly plausibly and impossible to shake: "The house is haunted and the ride gets rough/ And you've got to learn to live with what you can't rise above/ If you want to ride on down in through this tunnel of love." Raymond Carver, take a turn around the floor with Chuck Berry.

The particular strength of this album, though, is that its large cast of characters—from the wronged women to the wrung-out Saturday-night cowboys; from the rich men to hardworking Bill Horton of *Cautious Man*, who has the words LOVE and FEAR tattooed, *Night of the Hunter*-style, on his hands—can learn to live with anything because Springsteen can center the dignity in all their lives. It's his name on the album and on the writing credits, but now he seems to be singing their songs.

—By Jay Cocke

An Autumn Harvest

It is an abundant fall for rock. Springsteen and Michael Jackson already, the first solo effort by the Band's Robbie Robertson and another album of guitar magic by Ry Cooder due within a month. The momentum does not stop with the big names, however. Some of the best music around is coming up from below superstar level.

R.E.M. is a Georgia band playing its way past cult status, and its new album, *Docu-*

ment (I.R.S. Records), will serve as a tidy introduction to its flights of hard whimsy. Particular attention should be paid to a little ditty titled *The End of the World as We Know It (And I Feel Fine)*. But these guys are not just wise-offs. Their *King of Birds*, with its overlapping rhythms and wisps of Indian instrumentation, is a distinctive anthem of musical independence.

The Brandos, on their *Honor Among Thieves* (Relativity), sing bold, head-on rock. Creedence Clearwater-style. Tunes like *Gettysburg* and *Hard Luck Runner* are of a

type that has lately been called, somewhat pejoratively, "roots rock," but a band like the Brandos gives ample evidence that those roots run deep and



R.E.M.: Hard whimsy

still offer great nourishment.

The BoDeans should know. Their second album, *Outside Looking In* (Reprise/Slash), produced by Jerry Harrison of the Talking Heads, is a useful advance over their exceptional debut last year, *Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams*. They give those roots a few strong twists, then tie them in tight rhythmic knots. *Say About Love* could almost come from some rediscovered master of a Buddy Holly session in Clovis, N. Mex. *What It Feels Like* moves like a cat burglar, sounds fresh as tomorrow and—well, feels like the future.

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Essay

What Really Mattered

Any man who gets to be the managing editor of the New York Times can safely be described as a man blessed with self-confidence. E. Clifton Daniel, now 75, demonstrated that quality anew last week when he ventured to name the ten most important headlines of the 20th century. He took this bold gamble in connection with an international project called *Chronicle of the 20th Century*, for which Daniel served as an editor and which undertakes to tell the history of the era in headlines and quasi news stories. Daniel's top ten:

- 1) MAN'S FIRST FLIGHT IN A HEAVIER-THAN-AIR MACHINE (Dec. 17, 1903)
- 2) THE GREAT POWERS GO TO WAR IN EUROPE (Aug. 1, 1914)
- 3) THE BOLSHEVİK REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA (Nov. 7, 1917)
- 4) LINDBERGH FLIES THE ATLANTIC ALONE (May 21, 1927)
- 5) HITLER BECOMES CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY (Jan. 30, 1933)
- 6) ROOSEVELT IS INAUGURATED AS PRESIDENT (March 4, 1933)
- 7) SCIENTISTS SPLIT THE ATOM, RELEASING INCREDIBLE POWER (Jan. 28, 1939)
- 8) THE NIGHTMARE AGAIN—WAR IN EUROPE (Sept. 1, 1939)
- 9) SURPRISE JAPANESE BOMBING OF PEARL HARBOR (Dec. 7, 1941)
- 10) MEN LAND ON MOON (July 20, 1969)

It is certainly a curious list, as perhaps any such list inevitably would be. Legend has it that a German newspaper of the 1920s attempted to reach a similar goal by different means when it staged a contest for the most implausible headline that could be imagined. The winner: ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND FOUND ALIVE. WORLD WAR A MISTAKE. A London magazine cited that old joke when it restaged the same contest in the 1950s. The winner: ADENAUER DIES. A moderately funny joke in its time, but also an illustration of how quickly and thoroughly news becomes dated. And not just news itself but the attitudes that underlie the judgments of what news is.

Even on its own terms, Daniel's list provokes challenges. How is it possible in evaluating the political turmoils of this century to omit the Chinese Communist revolution, which is not only the major event in the lives of one-third of the earth's inhabitants but also the first such revolution among the world's non-white peoples? And how is it possible to omit the Holocaust, which not only led to the state of Israel and thus to the modern Middle East, which not only changed every Jew's conception of his identity and his place in the world, but which virtually demands a re-evaluation of the nature and destiny of mankind itself? By contrast, how could any list of the century's greatest events include Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic? Heroic though it was, symbolic though it was, the flight was one of those massively hyped events by which the America of the 1920s celebrated its excitement at being itself.

One of the most striking aspects of Daniel's list is that five of his ten choices deal more or less with World War II, which is understandable enough for a man who spent much of his professional life covering that cataclysm and its consequences. Yet there is something relentlessly newspaperish about the implication that the great events of history mostly involve war and poli-

tics. World War II inflicted an awful carnage—at least 35 million dead—but far more people than that have been kept alive by the invention of penicillin and other antibiotics, not to mention the pesticides that eradicated many epidemic diseases, a scientific revolution that helped double the world's population just since 1950.

Which really has had more of an effect on Americans' lives—a major military blow like Pearl Harbor or some subtler event like the spread of television? Pearl Harbor or the automobile? Pearl Harbor or the computer? Pearl Harbor or the building of the welfare state? Pearl Harbor or the rise and fall of cheap energy? Pearl Harbor or the birth control pill?

These are all slow-moving developments, of course, and probably no single headline ever announced any one of them. Indeed, even political news often is hard to judge all at once. On the day after the Bolsheviks stormed the Winter Palace in 1917—one of Daniel's top ten events—that was not the lead story in the New York Times. Instead, the main headline dealt with Tammany Hall's victory in New York elections that week. Journalism, as it has been said, is just the first draft of history. Sometimes, though, historians have similar troubles with the second draft. Writing his authoritative chronicle of Rome in about A.D. 100, Tacitus made only a passing reference to the Christians, minor troublemakers during the reign of Nero.

As time passes, all politicians (and generals) come to seem less important; what lasts is art. "Literature," said Ezra Pound, "is news that stays news." Many Americans can remember that Calvin Coolidge was the inconsequential Presi-

dent when Scott Fitzgerald published *The Great Gatsby*, but as we look back, the political powers keep fading. What does anyone know about the petty princelings who ruled Germany in the time of Bach except that they were not very kind to Bach? What does anyone know about the Pope who built the Sistine Chapel except that he hired Michelangelo to paint the ceiling? What does anyone know about who was king of anywhere when the *Book of Genesis* was written, or the pillars of Stonehenge erected? As Gore Vidal once tartly summed up the role of the artist in society, "I'm the one who's keeping score."

But in cultural history, just as in political history, we may know very little of what will eventually turn out to be important. The very first issue of this magazine, in 1923, devoted a book review to two new works, *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*, and complained of them both: "There is a new kind of literature abroad in the land, whose only obvious fault is that no one can understand it." Franz Kafka left his unpublished masterpieces to be burned by a friend, and most of Ludwig Wittgenstein's philosophical works appeared only posthumously. For all we know, the most important writers and artists of this century, perhaps the greatest thinkers too, remain almost completely unknown, maybe living in poverty and obscurity like Béla Bartók and Vladimir Nabokov in the 1940s, or maybe already long dead.

It is interesting that Daniel's list includes only one event of the past 42 years, a period in which much has happened but much remains mysterious. Journalism (and history too) is what lives in that all too brief gap between the not yet known and the already forgotten.

—Otto Friedrich



Illustration: Hill

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